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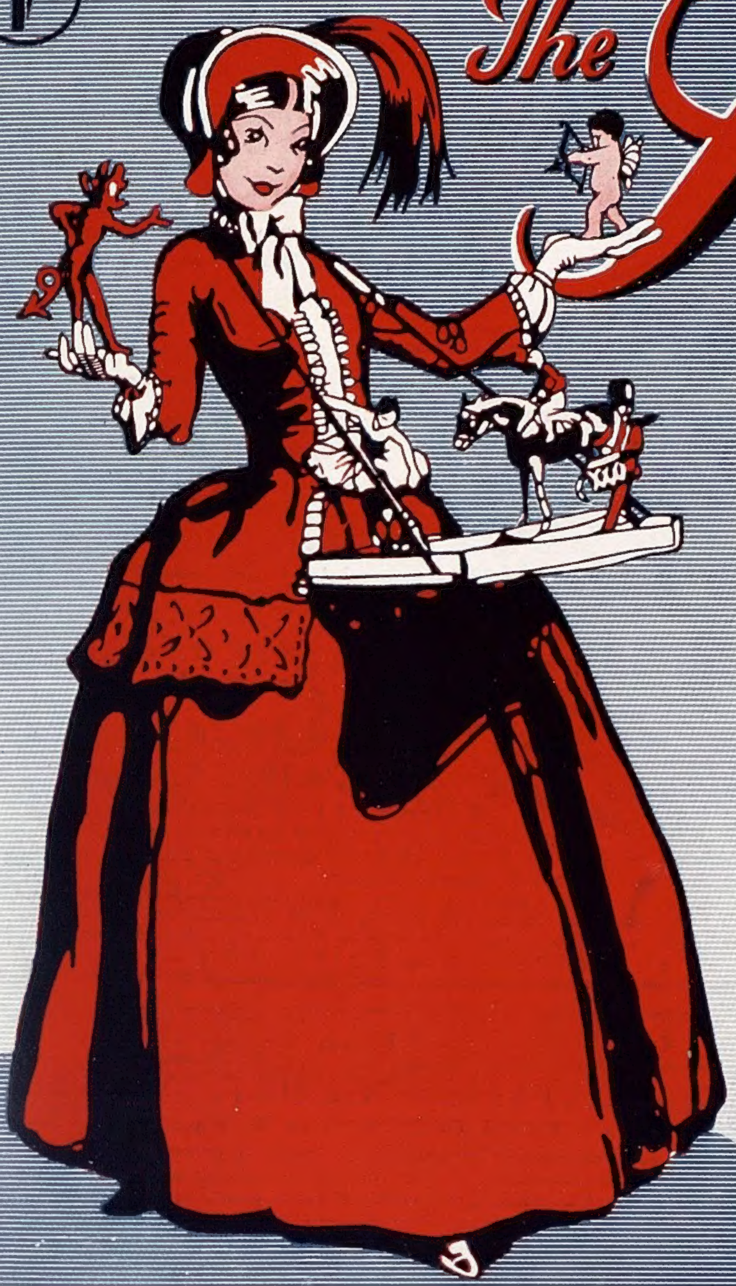
The Sketch



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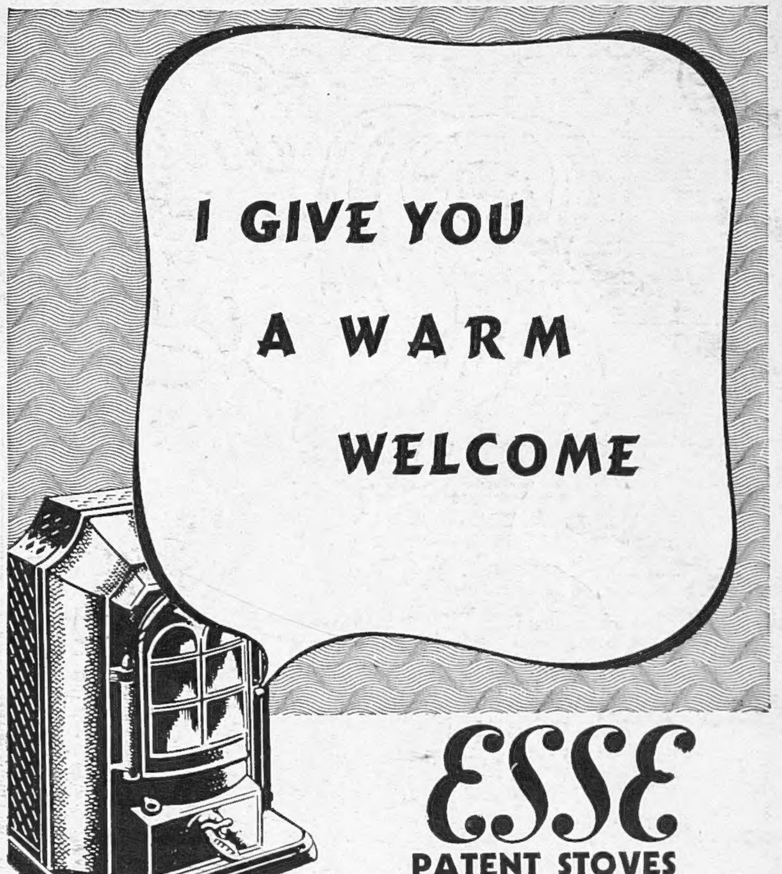

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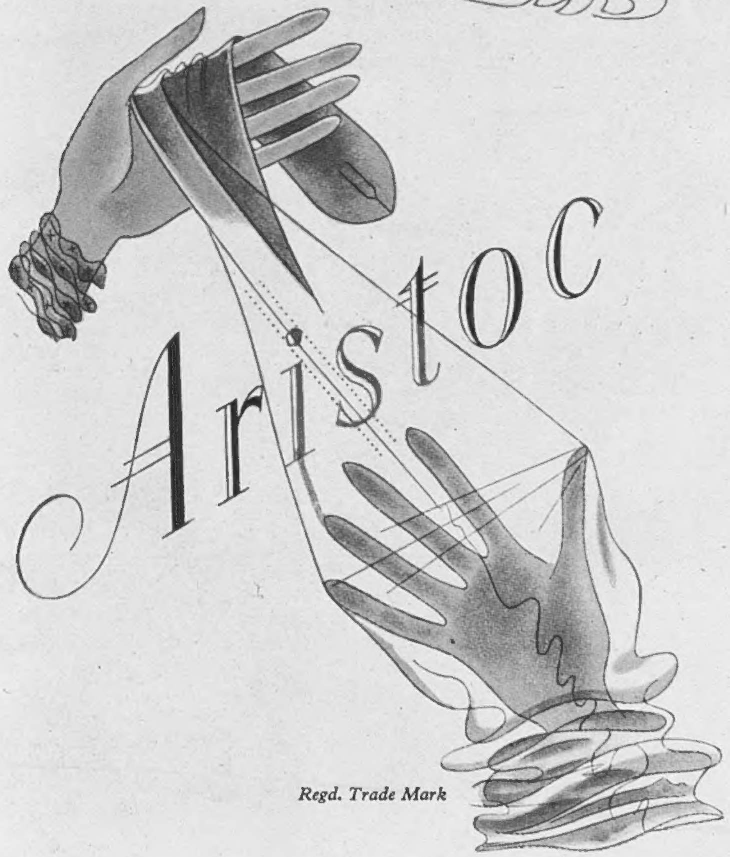

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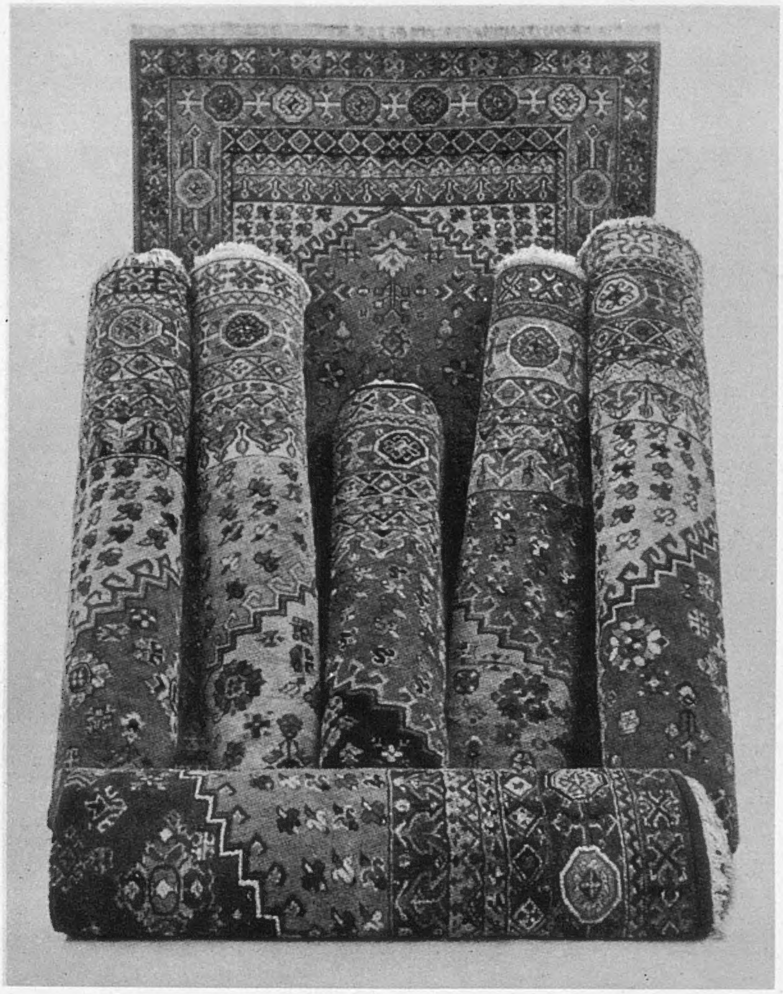

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The Sketch

No. 2338—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1937. ONE SHILLING

PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE HAYDON.

LADY ISABEL GUINNESS AND THE UNNAMED.

LADY ISABEL GUINNESS, *the married daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, is the wife of Mr. Loel Guinness, and is a bride of last year. She and her husband have just settled into their London home, in Chester Street, Belgrave Square, where the drawing-room is decorated in a pearly oyster-shell shade, with thick satin curtains and damask brocade in palest green with a design in pearl-pink. She is here posed with a new pet, a young wire-haired dachshund, which, when it faced the camera, was still unnamed.*

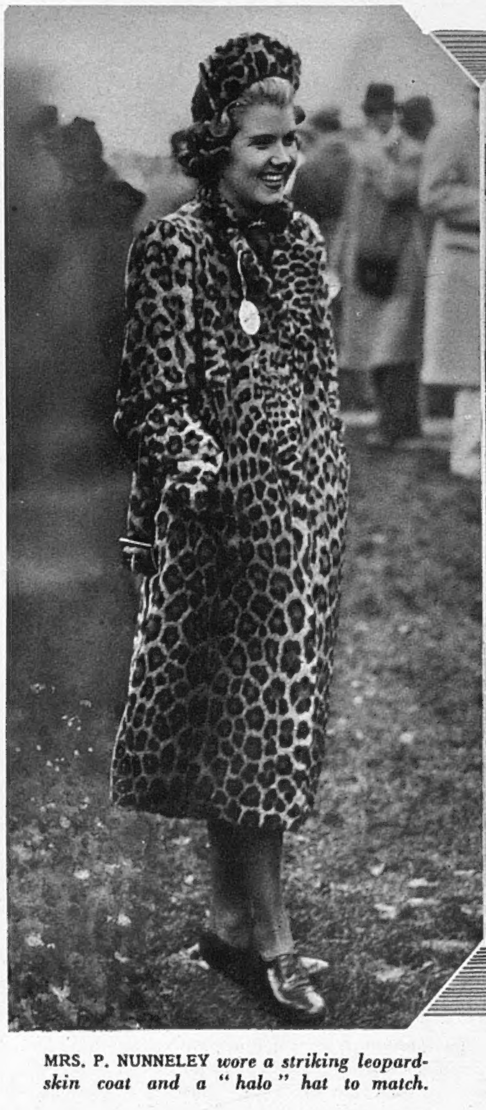
INCLUDING A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN OWNER:

MRS. MARSON *(l.)* and MRS. R. A. BARNES GORELL *look as if they were having a serious confab. beside the brazier.*

MR. TOM WALLS, *actor and sportsman, with the* HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS.

MRS. R. VIVIAN *and* MRS. TOMMY MORGAN *(r.) faced the camera with smiling faces.*

Left: The MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE *was snapped discussing form with her brother,* MR. ROBIN H. W. S. HASTINGS. *They are children of the late Captain the Hon. Osmond Hastings.*



MRS. P. NUNNELEY *wore a striking leopard-skin coat and a "halo" hat to match.*

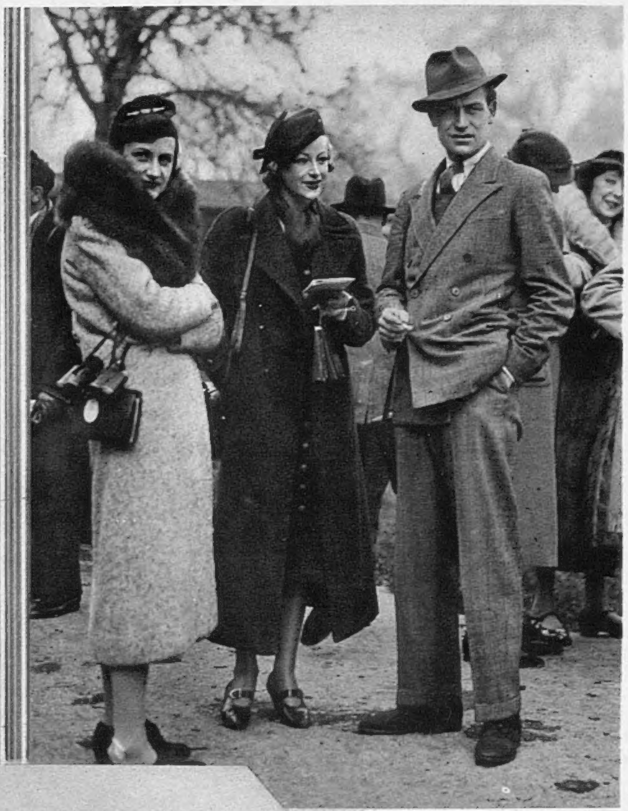
MRS. P. NUNNELEY'S *leopard-skin ensemble. Note the trimming of leopard-skin on the crown of her hat.*

MRS. GODFREY LLOYD THOMAS *brought* MR. DAVID *and* MISS ANNE LLOYD THOMAS.

SPECTATORS AT HAWTHORN HILL 'CHASES.

MISS KITTY POPE *was very "high-hat."*

Right: MRS. RENNY-TAILYOUR *(l.) and* MRS. GILBERT KING *are by the parade ring.*

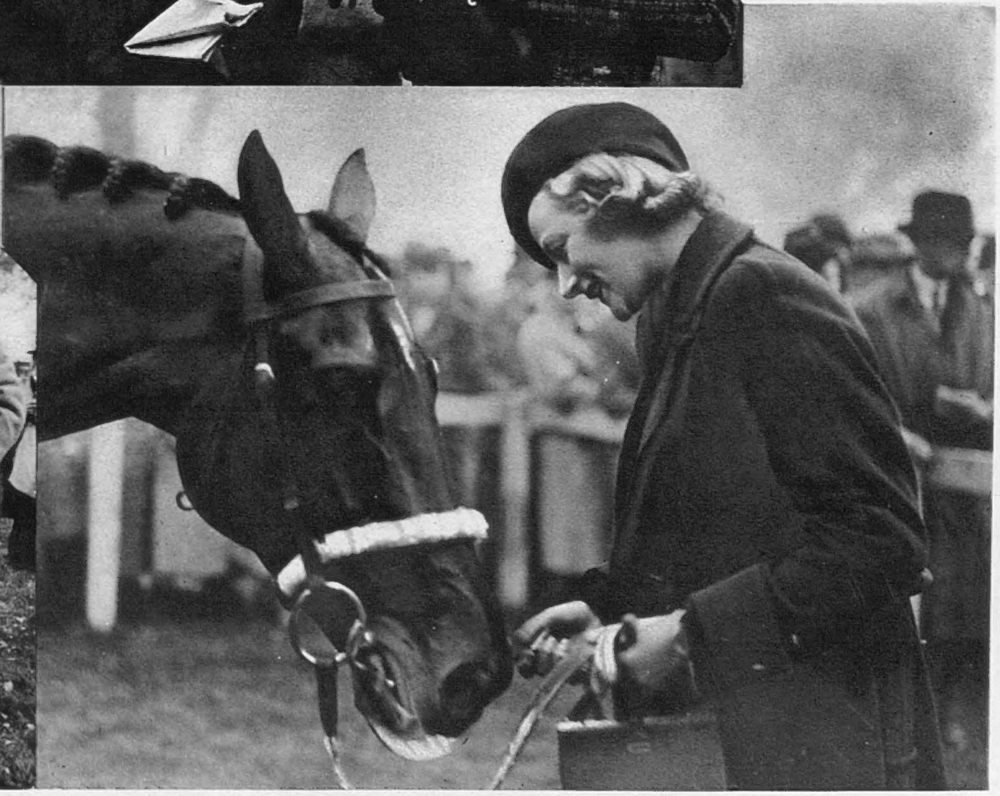


MISS G. CLOVER, MISS A. H. CLOVER, *owner of Barrister, and* MR. GOLDSMITH *are the trio in this picture (l. to r.).*

Left: MRS. JAMES BALL *wore two diamond clips on her tweed cap at Hawthorn Hill. She is with* MR. *and* MISS SETH SMITH.

MRS. FRANK FURLONG, *wife of the well-known steeplechase rider, wore a smart and original hat, of a helmet shape.*

MISS VIOLET DE WORMS *is seen with* MR. DAVID LLEWELLYN.



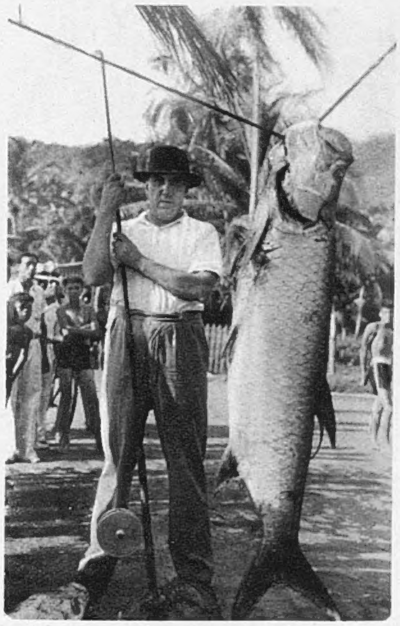
MISS A. H. CLOVER *is here petting her Barrister in the unsaddling enclosure after he had won the Hawthorn Hurdle Race for her, with Scratchley up.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

WITH 58,744 lb.—roughly 26¼ tons—of big-game fish to his credit since 1922, Mr. White-Wickham must rank as Public Enemy No. 1 in big-game fish circles. Last year he landed 6240 lb., but complained to me that the big ones eluded him—probably the word goes round that W.-W. is on their track, for after fifteen years he must be pretty well known to all the big broadbills, marlins, threshers, etc., in New Zealand waters. I had an entertaining hour with him just prior to his sailing for New Zealand last week on the *Rangitane*, *via* Panama. Ostensibly, I went round to his flat at Whitehall Court to see his tackle before it was packed, but I also wanted to hear something of his experiences. Out in New Zealand, in the Bay of Islands, he has a snug little shanty, equipped with electric light and other luxuries, and there, after a strenuous day's fishing, he entertains big-game anglers from all parts of the world. Broken rods, reels, etc., are brought along to him to doctor, and his traces and hooks are in great demand. It struck me that at times Mr. White-Wickham's good nature might be imposed upon, for big-game fish traces and hooks are expensive items to give away. I examined the half-dozen rods which he has taken with him, and he told me that he would pick up at Panama several thousands of yards of Ashaway lines which would be waiting for him.

Tale of a Broken Spear. When I recalled the incident, described in *The Sketch* last June, of a mako shark attacking the launch, Mr. White-Wickham said that it was really the most hair-raising fishing adventure he has ever had. Whether the shark actually attacked the boat, or was merely dashing about and leaping at random, the fact remains that it crashed against the combing of the launch and took all the paint off where it struck the boat. Mr. White-Wickham assured me that he has known a mako shark to seize the stern-post and shake the launch. I told him that I doubted if anyone would believe that, and he insisted that it was absolutely true. He also told me that each season, before painting their boats, the boatmen have to fill up with putty the numerous dents caused by swordfish barging the boat with their spears. Some years ago a swordfish drove its spear right through the planking of a launch from which Colonel Hazard was fishing. The spear broke off, and on his return Colonel Hazard had the boat beached and cut away the piece of planking containing the broken spear as a memento. Later on he landed a swordfish with its spear broken off, and believe it or not it was the same fish, as the broken ends fitted together.

Grab-and-Smash Raid on the Avon. On four occasions, peaceful pike-anglers fishing the Avon at Winkton have been subjected to violent grab-and-smash raids. The villain of the piece is a pike—not a little striper, but a big fellow—25 lb., or maybe more, according to keeper Tizard, who has partly lifted him in a landing-net. My old friend Dr. Lewis Smith, better known to anglers as "Silver Doctor," told me all about this pike, and, what is more, he declared with obvious relish that it was his turn to be attacked next. I think it was his friend Dr. Mallam who was the first to have his bait grabbed and his tackle smashed. Then Sir Hugh Rigby suffered a similar indignity. Not content with these depredations, the pike tested the line of Dr. Mallam's son, and left him lamenting. Having discountenanced three members of the sterner sex, he transferred his attentions to Mrs. Lewis Smith. Seizing her bait and making a swirl like a submarine submerging, he tore upstream, ripping line off the reel. Mrs. Smith is too experienced to be caught napping, even by a vicious attack like this, and she foiled the first rush, which ended in a weed bed. After some manœuvring he was ejected from this retreat, and after battling in the open for a while made another dashing run into weeds again. Here he wound the gut round a stake or obstruction of some sort and snapped a new trace, and probably he also snapped his fins at Mrs. Smith. Perhaps I should mention that Dr. Smith prefers salmon gut for his pike traces, but has the hooks mounted on a short length of wire, so that the gut will not be cut by the pike's teeth. Well, bless my soul, if I have not forgotten to tell the best part of the story, when the raider was nearly captured. One of his previous victims—Dr. Mallam's son, I fancy—succeeded in getting him right up to the boat; Tizard seized the huge landing-net, got him into it, started to lift, and the net burst. Even then there might have been a chance of retrieving the situation, had not a hook caught in the net and torn the other hook from the pike's mouth. What a catastrophe!



MR. JOHN FORSTER, *Chairman of the Commission sent from England to enquire into the recent disturbances in Trinidad, was fortunate enough to land a* TARPON *which tipped the scale at* 92 LB. *It was a magnificent fish and put up a splendid fight. The correspondent who sends the photograph remarks that it is probable that many of our readers are unaware of the excellent opportunities there are in the British West Indies for deep-sea fishing.*

"River to River—A Fisherman's Pilgrimage." One does not need to be a fisherman to enjoy Stephen Gwynn's "River to River—A Fisherman's Pilgrimage." He takes the reader to the lowlands, moorlands, dales and highlands, describing as he goes the diverse characters of the rivers and the beauty of the scenery; with innumerable little incursions into each river's associations, historical and otherwise. His nationality is responsible, perhaps, for his soft and persuasive pen, but even a kiss on the Blarney Stone could not be responsible for such overflowing enthusiasm. Not the least attractive feature of this book, in my opinion, is Mr. Gwynn's uncanny faculty of selecting from his wide vocabulary the right word or phrase, often unusual, but always appropriate. The illustrations by Roy Beddington, consisting of a coloured frontispiece, sixteen wash drawings, and numerous little black-and-white sketches, harmonise perfectly with the text. This young artist's work, including the original illustrations of this book, is now on exhibition at Arthur Ackermann's Galleries in New Bond Street.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *is a keen angler and has recently killed a good many salmon on the Tweed. She is here seen on Upper Floors Water, Tweed. The season on the Tweed closes on November 31 and re-opens on February 1.*

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

BRAINS BEHIND BOOKS.

Left: Brilliant and distinguished writers met at the reception given by Lord and Lady Kemsley at Chandos House, Queen Anne Street, last week. This marked the opening of the "Sunday Times" National Book Fair at Dorland House. Here are MR. *and* MRS. VALENTINE WILLIAMS, *he a famous war correspondent and author of thrillers such as "The Man With the Clubfoot."*

The Premier's wife, MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *in animated talk with the* HON. DENIS *and* MRS. BERRY.

DR. *(or is it* MR. *now?)* A. J. CRONIN, *author of that controversial novel "The Citadel" (now being filmed, with Robert Donat), besides some others, with* MRS. J. M. BULLOCH, *wife of the literary critic and author.*

LORD *and* LADY IDDESLEIGH, *with (centre)* MRS. KEELING. *Lord Iddesleigh is the director of a publishing company. His wife is Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's daughter.*

LORD KEMSLEY, *host, receiving a charming guest,* MISS E. WEBB. LADY KEMSLEY, *about to receive another guest, is in the background. Lord Kemsley is a very well known newspaper-owner.*

A big literary star present was MISS DOROTHY SAYERS, *author of more stories of crime and detection than we can possibly mention; and creator of Lord Peter Wimsey, whom she dramatised in "Busman's Honeymoon."*

"THE CHEQUER BOARD OF NIGHTS AND DAYS."

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY.

MOST weeks in London are strenuous, but a November week, and the first hint of fog! Oh, dear! But there 's no use thinking wistfully of past sunshine and bright days: winter is upon us; it will last just as long as always, if not longer, and that 's that! But isn't it lovely to come in, with just a reasonable shiver, to find a softly-lighted room, a crackling fire, and red-hot crumpets, with heaps of butter sizzling on them, to forget all about slimming in a heavenly rush of greed?

November has its compensations, and one of them is that most people get the homing instinct—for their own and other people's homes. Tea-parties, with all the lovely food we miss most of the year—though there are cocktails to follow—the six or eight friends dining quietly at home, with a movie after, or backgammon and bridge, because it 's too cosy to go out.

New Food and Flower Arrangements.

It 's such fun planning those small "home" dinners. New flower arrangements—have you seen the flower candles which you put in the vase with the flowers, and which burn just long enough and don't drip? Flowers and candle-flames! Exquisite as a colour combination, and there 's all the lovely flicker on silver and glass. I saw them first on a very fascinating green glass dining-table, and went quite mad about them. And unexpected new dishes. My cook produced one for me. He explained that he had learned it in the kitchen of the Bolivian Embassy, where the chef has many mouths to feed. It 's the kind of dish for the kind of party film-star Vivien Leigh had for her birthday in her country cottage, when, incidentally, she received so many flowers that neighbouring houses had to lend all possible spare vases. I mean, imagine after fireworks and damp woodland, a big dish piled with bananas baked with floury jacket-potatoes in bacon fat, with strips of lean bacon; fresh chillies (you know, the green and red ones in season) must simmer meanwhile in a cream sauce, to make it good and hot until just before serving; melted cheese is added, to be poured over and round everything. Try it as an after-theatre supper—you just wouldn't believe! Oh, yes, there 's fun in November, this nice, friendly, informal month which leads into the big things of the "Winter Season."

Guests Round a Swimming-Pool.

Not that there isn't already some elaborate entertaining as well. Lord Gifford entertained the other evening some three hundred or more guests round a swimming-pool. No, the guests didn't go into the pool; that was for a diving display, and it was beautifully organised hospitality, with delicious food, a long bar, perfect service by the politest of white-gloved messenger boys, who took the place of waiters. Not so many people have yet discovered the manifold uses of messenger boys and realised how many problems in entertaining can be solved by them. I 've always boasted that I was the first to engage some for a joke at a birthday-party, and then realised that the worry of finding extra staff to open the door, announce, take hats and coats, etc., when a hundred or so guests are expected, had been solved. But I was amused at hearing an S.O.S. being sent out by one of Lord Gifford's barmen for more ice, and a minute later seeing two small lads staggering under the weight of a huge tub which, regrettably and shame-making for them, was discovered to contain ice-cream.

It was an enterprising party, but then, Lord Gifford is an enterprising young man. He was, not so very long ago, A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Australia. I don't know whether it was homesickness, but suddenly the lure of London came over him, and just at the moment he was told of a large organisation in London in search of a managing director. So, just like that, he went to the telephone. And in London, when the board of directors were told that Australia was calling them on the telephone, they thought they had gone mad. Then they thought that the young man who insisted that he was really in Australia was mad. Then they thought that anyone who was sufficiently enthusiastic to telephone from the other side of the world for a job might be the man to have it.

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY, *the well-known novelist and writer, is now contributing to "The Sketch." Her first article is on this page. She will deal brilliantly, gaily and informatively with London social life, ideas, fashions, and modern fancies. She is the author of six novels, including "Storm Tarn," "Jonlys the Witch," and "Basque Moon," and has often contributed short stories to this paper. She was Miss Maire Boddam, and is a daughter of Captain Charles Boddam, 2nd Queen's. She is a familiar figure in social and literary circles in London.*

Courage and Charm.

But it does take courage to say "Gone with the wind," and then start a completely new job. So commend me to Gordon Halsey and that small bundle of charm, his wife, Tina. Everyone has been trying to sympathise with them. Will they listen to condolences? No! They insist on talking only of terrific plans for a different future, which, it appears, Mary Ellis, in between stage triumphs, is to share. The three of them are buying an island in the Bermudas, on which they will build a house and farm for the rich market of Nassau while considering the prospects of a super country club for American millionaires. The Government, apparently, is anxious to attract British settlers, and they will be to some extent pioneers on this exciting venture. I envy them the sunshine to which they are going, but most of all their resistance to ill-fortune. And it is pleasant to remember that the Florida will not cease as a consequence.

Dress Hint of the Week.

And that will be all for the moment. I 'm going out to see if I can't find something like my big dress hint of the week. It was a wide gilt belt which looked as if it was made of brass nail-heads and was round Binnie Barnes' slim waist. I 've got a black dress, too, even if I haven't the big diamond and ruby clip which fastened the high neck of the one she was wearing when I met her. And, my word, can that girl "truck"! It 's a great, great pity for London that she 's off to America.

Seen at the same party, Bond Street's latest whimsy—diamond butterflies in full flight round a sleek head. You can do a lot with them—the butterflies, I mean. A row at the neck of your dress, or all the way down, like buttons, and two spares for earrings. Clip one on a plain ring and see how diamonds "dress" your hand—only they cost £150 a pair, so they 're not on my shopping-list!

MR. JOHN CHURCHILL *has just completed a decorative mural scheme in the London house of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale. The main wall is adorned with a* CONVERSATION PIECE OF LORD AND LADY TWEEDDALE, *with members of their family and pets, at Yester Gifford, East Lothian, their country house designed and built by Adam. This is painted on one piece of canvas 24 ft. by 12½ ft. and not on the wall itself, so that it can be removed. It shows (l. to r.) the* MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE, *with Woo-Woo, a baby gibbon monkey, and Beam, her champion golden retriever; the* ARTIST; LADY KATHLEEN CURZON-HERRICK, *a cousin of the artist and daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon;* MISS SALLY CHURCHILL, *daughter of the artist (foreground);* LADY GEORGINA HAY *and her champion Shetland collie, Goldust;* LADY FRANCES HAY *and her pony, Foalie;* LADY DAPHNE HAY *and her dog, Flame; and (in foreground) George, a chimpanzee;* MISS MARIANNE BERRY, *elder daughter of Lady Hélène Berry, and granddaughter of Lord and Lady Tweeddale; the* HON. LIONEL BERRY; LADY HÉLÈNE BERRY *and her younger daughter,* JANE, *and the* MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE *with his half Labrador and retriever, Haile Selassie. The animals in the picture also include (in the centre) a Humboldt woolly monkey called Napoleon; an Olive baboon called Olive, with Herbert, the roe-deer; and at the top of the column, Blanche, a fine Humboldt woolly monkey. Prodnose the hedgehog and Monk, a spaniel, are also included.*

The decorations of the same room include this view of PRIESTLAW, *an ancient burial-ground on the edge of Lord Tweeddale's estate in Scotland.*

DUTCH *scenes adorn another room in the house. This panel represents a canal in the old quarter of Amsterdam. It is between 10 and 12 ft. high.*

This panel, also in the scheme devised by Mr. Churchill, represents YESTER CASTLE, *mentioned in "Marmion," the seat of Hugh Gifford, the wizard.*

LORD TWEEDDALE'S FAMILY AND PETS AS A MURAL FOR HIS LONDON HOUSE.

AT WINDSOR IN GLOOMY NOVEMBER WEATHER:

MRS. J. V. RANK, *wife of the well-known owner and herself an owner, is seen with* MR. PERCY ALDEN.

Right:
MISS ROHAYS BURNETT, *charming ex-débutante, wore the neatest of checked suits. She is with* MR. MANN THOMSON.

MISS VIOLET DE WORMS *is very fond of racing. She looked full of concentration and purpose when snapped at Windsor.*

MRS. HERMON HODGE *and* MR. BENYON *are here taking down the numbers of the runners.*

The COUNTESS OF NORTHESK *(right) wore a white sheepskin coat. She is with* MR. *and* MRS. DERRICK CANDY.

LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP, *sister of the Earl of Carnarvon and wife of Sir Brograve Beauchamp, was snapped in conversation with someone who's just out of the picture.*

ONE OF THE LAST OF THE FLAT RACE MEETINGS.

MR. SHORT and LADY COOKE are here seen in *conference.*

Left : The HON. MRS. D'ARCY LAMBTON, *youngest daughter of* VISCOUNTESS HAMPDEN, *is seen with her mother (right).*

The COUNTESS OF KIMBERLEY *and* MRS. SOFER WHITBURN *(right) were in the paddock together.*

MRS. HAROLD HUTH'S *Glengarry-shaped cap was worn with a checked suit.*

LADY MOON *did not wear a hat, in spite of the chill November breeze. She is with* MR. I. F. LOW.

This group consists of MR. VICTOR BEAUFORT, MISS LISA LONGSTAFFE, *and* MR. GEOFFREY BAKER.

THE 5th QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT.

The retirement of C.O. and Adjutant and the accession of the new ones gave the 5TH QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT (WEST SURREY) *ample excuse for a cheery guest night. The respective Adjutants were solemnly carried in and out, as Fred May shows. This battalion was formed about 1860, and named the 2nd Surrey Rifles: it remained as such until 1908, when the Territorials came into being. In 1921 it was given its present name. Like most other units of the T.F., it supplied a detachment to the South African War, and during the Great War served in India, Gallipoli and Mespot, where they remained till the end of the war. The recruiting area stretches from Camberley to Haslemere, and Farnham to Redhill, which includes practically the greater part of Surrey.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY TUNBRIDGE.

CHAIRMAN OF THE "GOOD COUNSEL" BALL.

LADY GREGORY, *the wife of Sir Holman Gregory, who has just retired from his post as Recorder of the City of London, is the chairman of this year's "Good Counsel" Ball, which is being held at Claridge's on November 19. It is the eleventh successive ball in aid of the Society of Our Lady of Good Counsel, which gives free legal aid to the poor. Lady Vaughan, wife of General Sir Louis Vaughan, is vice-chairman; and Mr. Justice and Lady Langton are receiving the guests. Lady Gregory, who is Sir Holman Gregory's second wife, was married in 1935, and is a daughter of Mr. Conor Evelyn O'Leary.*

TALES WITH A STING.

THREE · QUARTER UNDERNEATH.

By JAMES HENDERSON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

"I 'M sorry"—Mr. Jervaise, the manager of the Westland Bank, Milton, leaned back in his swivel-chair—"but I can't allow you to go early on Saturday afternoon. It would not be fair to your colleagues, Smith. With the balance almost on top of us, you know what that means!"

Vincent Smith did know what the balance meant; long hours without overtime; and he was also aware that his absence on the following Saturday afternoon would interfere with the working of his branch. Still, he was anything but content, arguing that it was unreasonable to expect him to miss an important match; he played left-wing three-quarter for Milton's Rugger side. He was good: he was essential to the success of the team.

"It would only be for a few hours, Sir," he persisted. "I 'd come back to the office after the game. Mr. Jervaise, won't you change your mind?"

"No," returned the manager coldly. "I will do nothing of the sort, and we will say no more about it, Smith, if you please."

That was that, and Smith went into the outer office, inwardly cursing Mr. Jervaise for an unimaginative idiot, no sportsman, and an elderly, flabby hound; all of which was not strictly fair, for the manager of Milton was quite a pleasant soul. However, Smith was biased; was red-headed, too.

"Skunk won't let me go," said Smith to Denton, his chum. "The old rotter! He ought to be bally well shot!"

Denton grinned sympathetically, though he was not a Rugger player himself, nor did he consider Mr. Jervaise as deserving of death.

"Never mind," he said. "You haven't missed a match for years."

"That 's just it!" Smith banged the deposit ledger down on the desk before him. "Spoils my record, and we 're playing Doverton. It 's filthy! Jervaise is a swine!"

Denton, who was calculating the interest on a loan in the largest of four current-account ledgers, responded with a non-committal grunt. Smith went on complaining, failing to disturb his audience, until he remarked: "Damn Jervaise! I 'm going to play in the match just the same."

"Eh?" Denton's mathematical train was derailed. "How are you going to do that?"

"Bolt," answered Smith, "and chance what Jervaise says."

"Oh!" Denton laid down his pen and whistled. "There 'll be a hell of a row if you do!"

"Yes, won't there! But I 'm going to risk it, see."

Smith spoke emphatically, and was deeply wounded when Denton merely requested him not to be a silly ass, adding that he would like to have watched the town's Soccer team play Cheston on Saturday afternoon; but that, as he couldn't, he was going to take the disappointment like a man, a comment which endangered a valued friendship. There was silence for a while.

It was broken by Smith, who kept up a monologue on the subject of his woes, unheeded by Denton, who pushed on with his work, refusing to credit his friend with the courage to play truant on Saturday afternoon. But there he was wrong, for Smith carried out his threat, vanishing from the office in time to travel to Doverton for the match. Mr. Jervaise reserved his opinion on learning of Smith's disobedience; Smith's compeers, however, were not so discreet, cursing the absentee as only bank-clerks can!

It was an enjoyable game, in which Doverton were beaten by eleven points to five, Smith scoring two of the tries and kicking a brilliant goal. He was a hero, as usual, with the result that he was treated to drinks in the bar of the Doverton pavilion, forgot about the bank, which is to say, that he did not return to his branch in the evening, left his work to take care of itself. His colleagues did it for him, but were anything but pleased.

On Monday morning Smith found himself in a chilly atmosphere, for even Denton was in a carping mood, having been compelled to add and subtract until after midnight, without extra pay. He greeted Smith with a coldness which spoke volumes in itself.

"Glad you 're here," he said. "We wondered if you 'd left us for good."

"It wasn't worth while coming back on Saturday," explained his friend rather sheepishly. "We had a round or two at Doverton with some of the Doverton crowd. Awfully nice fellows, so I couldn't dash away."

"Oh, of course not! And it wasn't necessary! We were here to do all your work!"

Smith blushed, but, feeling rather guilty, stifled an angry retort. Besides, he was more nervous than he cared for. Mr. Jervaise was an unknown quantity. You never knew what he would do.

"What did 'J' say?" he asked.

"Nothing much." Denton yawned heavily. "I fancy he 's saved it up for you."

"Has he, though!" Smith managed to laugh, but not on a confident note. "Oh, well, I 'm ready for a row."

Denton shrugged his shoulders; let it go at that.

"Good morning," said Mr. Jervaise, when, in answer to his summons, Smith appeared in his room. "Will you kindly tell me where you were on Saturday after one o'clock?"

"Yes, Sir. I was over at Doverton with the Rugger club."

Mr. Jervaise glanced at the paper open on his desk.

"I see from the *Echo* that you scored two tries and also kicked a goal."

"That 's right, Sir." Smith was puzzled. "That 's an 'advert' for the bank."

"I am aware of that, Smith, and I understand that my predecessor, Evan Williams, invariably let you go at busy times to play in a match."

"Yes, Sir. He was a sportsman. Used to play himself in Wales."

Mr. Jervaise smiled faintly at the Smithian lack of tact.

"Ideas of sportsmanship differ," he said quietly. "As a personal matter"—the speaker looked accusingly at his audience—"I consider it a despicable action to leave one's pals in the lurch. And that, Smith, is what you did on Saturday. There is also a trifling charge of insubordination for you to face where I am concerned. You asked me for leave of absence. I refused it. You flouted my authority. It is serious, and I have not yet decided what I am to do."

"But, Sir," Smith was angry with himself for feeling like a child, "you ought to have let me go. I haven't missed a match for years. It wasn't fair to expect me to."

Mr. Jervaise shook his head. "That is for me to say," he responded, "as manager of this branch. I do not see how I can overlook your action, supposing I wanted to! I propose to write to the chief inspector as to what has occurred. When I hear from him, I will speak to you again. But, for the present, you may get on with your work."

So Smith went back to the outer office, disgruntled but afraid, for he knew what it meant for a bank-clerk to fall foul of the chief inspector on such a serious count. Jervaise knew it, too. He, Smith, would be moved to some other branch in the service in disgrace. He need never look for promotion. He might even be dismissed! Smith was inclined to cry or sulk, or break out in a rage, for, like most temperamental people, he had his weaker side. And he longed for sympathy from Denton, from any other friend. But none was forthcoming: he was a pariah for the nonce.

However, it was a Monday, and it was his lot to spend his working-day at the sub-office at Lower Milton, which opened once a week, and was run by one solitary clerk; thither went Smith, with £2000 in a leather bag which he held by a chain. He spent a busy morning and a busy afternoon; half-past three saw him start home to the parent branch. He now had £3000 packed neatly in his bag.

There is no profit for us in his gloomy reflections; there was no profit for him. Suffice it to say that he was miserable, that he had come to the conclusion that his banking career was drawing to a close, for the existing chief inspector was a hard man, a man whose private god was iron discipline. The chief inspector was unlikely to countenance any breach of the rules, let alone such a grievous crime as undermining authority by wilfully defying the manager of one's branch. Smith sighed wearily. Good-bye, banking! Good-bye, Rugger! He had done it this time! [Continued on page x.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM STUDIOS.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD
"BARGING DOWN THE NILE."

This lovely portrait-study shows MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD *as Cleopatra in the Rowland Stebbins production of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Mansfield Theatre, New York. A U.S.A. contemporary refers to Miss Bankhead's appearance as Egypt's queen "barging down the Nile."*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

HAVE we ever had such a royal November? Visiting Kings and Queens and Princes and Princesses not only spell palace entertainments, but give a fillip to restaurant parties, for it does add excitement to gaiety when royalty may be sitting at the next table, or dancing in the same restricted piece of floor as you and me.

H.M. Queen Mary's dinner, at which the Duke of Gloucester assisted her to entertain the guests, who included the King of Bulgaria and Queen Joanna, Queen Eugénie and her daughters, the King of the Hellenes, and our own King and Queen, was absolutely magnificent, I understand. Jewels glittered on every woman guest, and a superb dinner was served at the fine, long, oval-ended table in the Marlborough House dining-room, which was gay with the loveliest salmon-pink roses and autumn leaves. Queen Mary, I need hardly add, looked as splendid and gracious as ever.

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Princess Maria of Savoy is a greatly admired royal lady. She is not only young and unaffected in manner, but has the gift of enjoying everything, and is full of charm and vitality. I saw her twice at the London Casino last week. On the first occasion she left early, but on the second she was there for the whole evening, with the Grandis and her lady-in-waiting. She also visited the Café de Paris with H.E. the Italian Ambassador and his wife, and looked particularly well in a white lace dress, which suits her brunette beauty perfectly. The diamond slides in her dark hair were a very happy touch.

Everyone is delighted to see the Crown Princess of Denmark in London, for as Princess Ingrid she was so well known over here; and Prince Frederick of Prussia is another popular royal visitor to London He has many friends in our capital, and has been staying with Lady Jellicoe; but now that he has settled down to work in England for some weeks he is staying at the International Sportsmen's Club. He makes great use of the swimming-bath there.

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This week we have another royal visitor in the handsome person of the King of the Belgians. The Foreign Office banquet tomorrow, Nov. 18, is likely to be a very brilliant occasion. Men only, of course, but every personality of importance in the political world! They will dine in the F.O. dining-room, at the famous Locarno table, which is being taken there specially from its usual position in another room.

To-night the ball at Buckingham Palace is fixed to take place. It is safe to prophesy that this will be quite the most important social event of the autumn. As you know, the King and Queen have arranged to dine first at the Belgian Legation as guests of King Leopold.

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A large and remarkably well-dressed audience assembled at the Wigmore Hall for Gerte Sinding-Larsen's song recital. Her programme included *lieder* by Schubert, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, and Strauss; as well as a group of songs by her relative, the Norwegian composer, Sinding, which suit her particularly well. Mme. Sinding-Larsen is not only an accomplished artist, but looks decorative when singing, and was well suited by her lily-of-the-valley leaf-green dress, especially when standing against the banks of bouquets (enough to start a florist's shop!) which she received. Bertram Harrison was at the piano, and his beautiful playing of the difficult accompaniments of "Liebesbotschaft" and the other famous *lieder* added to our enjoyment.

Baroness Henry Schröder, who gave a reception for Mme. Larsen in Lord Redesdale's house (lent for the occasion by the tenants, the Helmuth Schröders), was responsible for the English translations of the words of several of the songs. She says it's like a jigsaw puzzle to fit words and rhythm properly to make a readable and poetic translation. Lady Sassoon, Lady (Guy) Campbell, Lady Henniker Heaton, and Sir Thomas Colyer-Fergusson and his daughter, Lady Monckton, were among the guests at the party, and I also saw Frydberg, the violinist, and Mrs. Georg von Harten and her husband, the fine pianist whose second Bach concert with the Boyd Neel String Orchestra drew a big audience to Mrs. Bruce's house in the Cromwell Road on Thursday last.

MISS RACHEL MARY SYKES, *elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Percy and Lady Sykes, is engaged to Mr. D'Arcy Patrick Reilly, of H.M. Diplomatic Service, only son of Mr. Justice H. D. C. Reilly, I.C.S. (ret.), Chief Justice of Mysore, and of Mrs. Reilly.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

"SEGUIDILLA," *by* DUNCAN GRANT, *is one of the huge panels designed for the "Queen Mary" (but not accepted for use in the decorative scheme) on view at this artist's exhibition of work at Agnew's.*

LADY DIANA COOPER *was at-home last week at Admiralty House, Whitehall, in connection with the Christmas Tree Ball to be held at the Dorchester on December 14 in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden.*

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One of the notable features of these Bach concerts is their interesting programmes. Last Thursday the cantata "Ach Gott wie manches Herzeleid" was given, and a lovely thing it is, so lovely that it is indeed surprising it should not be better known. The orchestral parts do not even exist in print, and for this concert were specially copied out of the score of the Bach-Gesellschaft. The programme also included a Concerto for a Keyboard instrument in A major, with Georg von Harten as soloist; and the B minor Suite for Flute and Strings, with Joseph Slater. Lady Ottoline Morrell, Lady Gladstone of Hawarden, Lady Romilly and Sir Charles and Lady Marston were among those who bought tickets, and the house was sold out.

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It was exciting to go out to lunch the other Tuesday in order to learn how to get younger after forty! After all, Mariegold felt it was as well to get a line on such an enthralling subject, even if she doesn't need to as yet! The occasion was the party given by the New Health Club, whose object is to bring together socially men and women with a common interest in modern ideas of healthy living. Miss Margaret Morris, the speaker, chose the subject "Getting Younger After Forty," and her discourse was not only amusing, but full of simple and invaluable hints as to how to keep fit when real youth has fled. She won't have anything to do with the idea of "not bothering" and "getting old comfortably." In fact, she said the latter was impossible, and was stern about the idea that with advancing age better food, more expensive drink, and less work were to be our portion. Not at all; the older you get the less food (and drink) and the more exercises you should have. As Margaret Morris started her famous remedial exercises at the instigation of the medical profession, I was not surprised to find a good many doctors present. These included Sir Arbuthnot Lane and Dr. Stella Churchill. Patrick Balfour was there, too.

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The biggest art gallery event of last week was Duncan Grant's show at Agnew's. It is very fine, and his first one-man exhibition for

two and a half years. All this helped to crowd the room, apart from our anxiety to see the huge panels which he had designed for the *Queen Mary*, but which were not used in the giant liner. They are finely designed, effective figure compositions called "The Flower Gatherers," "Seguidilla," and "The Sheaf." It was heartening to observe the shower of red stars—or, rather, discs—which had descended from heaven upon the drawings round the room—the commercial sign of success. Private viewers included Mrs. Bartle Grant, mother of the painter, Sir Hugh Walpole, the novelist, Sir "Eddie" Marsh, the connoisseur, Lord Derwent, the poet and one of our most brilliant peers, Lord Crawford, Princess Bibesco, Sir Francis Fremantle, Lady Ludlow and others—a string of names whose brilliance might well dazzle.

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I have already written about the paintings of Laelia Caetani at the Lefèvre, but cannot refrain from returning to the subject, for Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macdonald threw a party "round them" at which—in subtle compliment to the Italian element—there were cocktails of red, white, and green! Princess Bassiano and her daughter, the painter, were in black, and the Princess was enjoying the fact that the paintings were being sold, and not to friends only, but to strangers. Sticks were much *en evidence*. First the classic rubber-ended shooting-stick, upon which Mrs. Claud Beddington, in a red evening dress, leaned as she told some of her stories; and then an ivory-handled, exotic-looking specimen from the collection of Miss G. B. Stern, who accompanied it. Terence Weldon, brother of Sir Anthony, brought his friend Vicky, the caricaturist, and tried to cap the Beddington stories. The Duchess of Sermoneta, aunt of the artist, was there, and quite a number of guests came on from Agnew's, including Mr. Duncan Grant himself. The Chester Beattys were unusual visitors, as they do not often attend cocktail-parties, and I saw Lady Ottoline Morrell, the Derwents, Sir Ronald ("Orientations") Storrs and his wife, and Princess Bibesco and her Priscilla.

MISS MARION HESTER CAMERON, *younger daughter of Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel, K.T., C.M.G., and of Lady Hermione Cameron, is engaged to Mr. Ronald Archibald Orr Ewing, Scots Guards, eldest son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Norman Orr Ewing, Bt., D.S.O.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

The engagement of MR. WALTER NEVILE DISNEY BARLOW, *4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Disney Barlow, of The Chace, Woodhouse Eaves, Leicestershire, and* MISS GLADYS ROBINA (RUBY) LANDALE SHARPE, *only daughter of Major R. W. Sharpe, M.F.H., and Mrs. Sharpe, has been announced. They are shown at a meet of the Lauderdale.*

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The "in-aid-of" party at Lord and Lady Hollenden's was one of the most interesting gatherings of the week. We were asked to see Miss Rosie Newman's picture of Scotland. It is the result of a motor tour in the Highlands, during which she filmed houses, scenery, Highland Games, dogs, fishing, and other Scottish subjects, all in brilliant colour. The long ballroom was packed. Lady Maud Carnegie arrived a little late, and stayed for refreshments, which consisted of beer, coffee, sausages and rolls, and were much enjoyed. The Hollendens have the most perfect Chinese wall-paper in their dining-room, and it makes a decorative background for parties.

Lady Titchfield, as usual looking charming, was a guest. She was naturally interested in the picture of her father-in-law, the Duke of Portland, at Langwell; I also saw Lord and Lady Greville, she with one of the new short-veil head-dresses, and the Willingdons.

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The party given by Lady Selby and her mother, Mrs. Briscoe George, at the latter's flat in Aldford House, was a cocktail one, cut rather short because so many guests were going on to other parties or to the *première* of the Arliss picture, "Dr. Syn," which Queen Mary attended. Many of Lady Selby's friends therefore came in evening dress, and the hostess and her sister and mother had hurriedly to change in order to get to the New Gallery Kinema in time! The party was in honour of Miss Signe Gully, who is to marry Mr. Max Brandenstein. Guests included Lady Pollock and Lady Granet and many other relatives.

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Lady Daphne Straight is a young married woman with an original house. Her drawing-room in Hyde Park Gardens, where I recently went to hear Madame Rambert talk about dancing in connection with the Ballet Matinée for the Children's Clinic, fixed for yesterday, Nov. 16, has white stone floors, walls of so dark a grey that they look black, and a white ceiling. The tables are all ultra-modern, one with solid stone pillars supporting a green glass top, and another of black and white slate tiles on white legs. The granite mantelpiece is adorned with a row of tiny white horses; the cushions on the divan are covered either with red velvet or white ponyskin. There's heating in the ceiling, no balustrades to the staircase, but just an all-white curved wall to all the spiral steps, for it's a 1937 mansion, with ultra-modern pictures of geometrical beauty.

Lady Daphne was a pupil of Mme. Rambert, so was very interested in the speech, and we were all charmed by the way the pupils illustrated the talk. Ann McLaren, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Aberconway, is a particularly talented ballerina.

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From Lady Daphne's I went on to the Admiralty, where Lady Diana Cooper was hostess for the first time. The dolphin furniture is as fascinating as ever, and is reinforced with a few new settees of the same period. Lady Diana says she loves being there, but that she feels a little dwarfed by the immensity of the rooms, which require a huge quantity of velvet hangings and noble furniture to fill them. She says her bedroom was about the same size as the reception-room in which we gathered to hear about the Christmas Tree ball at the Dorchester on Dec. 14, to which Lady Diana is bringing a big party, with as many of her young nieces as possible.

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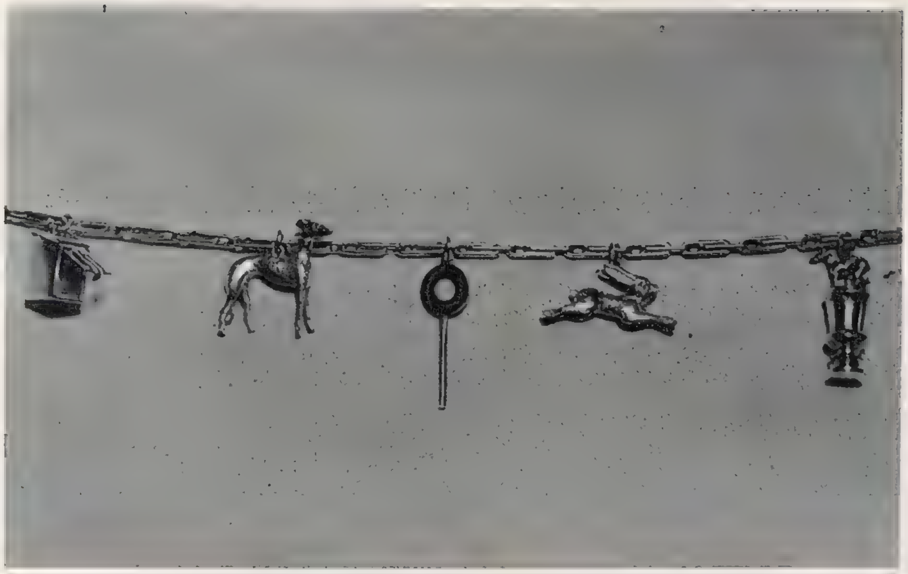
Lady Patricia Ward, who has a spinster flat just a floor below the bachelor one shared by her twin brothers, George and Edward Ward, has succumbed to the Early Victorian craze which at the moment has the Younger Set in its grip. She goes down to the Caledonian Market once a week in order to add to her treasures, which already include a number of *papier-mâché* chairs, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl and upholstered in mustard-yellow or bright purple satin; and several china vases, now transformed into reading-lamps. One of the furnishing ideas of which she is proudest is that of having used the material for Nannies' "Park" dresses—brown-and-white striped cotton — to make the covers for her drawing-room sofa. MARIEGOLD.

MR. W. H. WOODWARD, *ex-captain of Bristol Rugby Club and a Gloucester shire County player, laid a football at the feet of his bride,* MISS DOREEN RICHARDS, *as a "good kick-off" after their wedding at St. Paul's, Bedminster, Bristol.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MRS. R. H. DENT—FOR BEING BRACELETTED WITH WATTLE BARK, STARTING-TRAP, ELECTRIC HARE, WINNING-POST, AND "DERBY" TROPHY.

MRS. R. H. DENT, owner of Wattle Bark, the greyhound which won the Greyhound Derby (1937), wears an amusing mascot bracelet.

MR. F. S. SMYTHE, the famous mountaineer, succeeded in photographing and measuring the tracks of the so-called "Abominable Snowmen" (*Mirka* or *Mi-Go*) on the Himalayan heights. The Tibetans believe the spoor to be that of sinister giants, but, as a result of Mr. Smythe's observations and photographs, authorities have decided that the tracks were made by a bear, which puts its rear foot into the rear end of the impression left by its front foot. Photographs and an article dealing with this interesting question appeared in "The Illustrated London News" last week.

THE Earl Haig statue by MR. A. F. HARDIMAN, A.R.A., was unveiled last week, nine years after it was first commissioned by Parliament. The design was twice altered.

MR. F. S. SMYTHE—FOR PHOTOGRAPHING TRACKS OF THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN" AND "BEARING" UP ACCORDINGLY.

JUDGE DRUCQUER—FOR NO LONGER BEING DISFIGURED, BECAUSE HE HAS VERY LITTLE HAIR AT ALL, AFTER HAVING BEEN DISFIGURED FOR FORTY OR FIFTY YEARS BECAUSE HIS HAIR WAS RED.

JUDGE DRUCQUER, when judging the case of a woman whose hair had been turned "flaming red" after a shampoo, said: "I have been disfigured for forty or fifty years because my hair was red. Fortunately, I am no longer disfigured, because now I have very little hair at all."

MR. A. F. HARDIMAN—FOR REMAINING A HARDY MAN DESPITE THE EARL HAIG STATUE CONTROVERSY.

MISS MARGARET MORRIS—FOR SHOWING HOW TO GET YOUNGER AFTER FORTY—AND BE A MORRIS MINOR.

MISS MARGARET MORRIS recently addressed the New Health Club on the subject of "How to Get Younger After Forty," and gave a demonstration of exercises for this purpose.

MR. LESLIE HENSON takes an interest in the Actors' Orphanage at Langley, Bucks, and is again bringing their pantomime up to London. It is "Cinderella." Mr. Henson borrowed a child's ballet skirt—reminiscent of a Greek's kilt—when demonstrating to the children how to do their steps. He is appearing in "Going Greek," at the Gaiety.

MR. LESLIE HENSON—FOR GOING GREEK FROM WAIST TO KNEES WHILE REHEARSING "CINDERELLA."

"YES, SIR; EIGHTY FEET HIGH."

Distinguished sculptor SIR WILLIAM REID DICK, R.A., has been chosen to carry out the memorial statue of King George V. which is to be erected in Westminster. When our artist caught Sir William he was carving figures to go at the top of some colossal columns on a Scottish bank.

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

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MODERNE 35/-
MADELYN 45/-
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MISS CYNTHIA MONTEITH *wore this smart hat trimmed with a quill at Lady Bird's cocktail-party to discuss the Blue Bird Ball to be held at Claridge's on December 16 in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children.*

LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND, *daughter of the Earl of Darnley.*

MISS STEPHANIE MORTON'S *" smoking-cap " hat has a strap under her chin.*

MISS SUSAN BLIGH'S *cocktail-time hat has a bow with dangling ends.*

The HON. MRS. GEORGE BELLEW, *wife of Somerset Herald, in a silver fox cape.*

COCKTAIL TIME IN LONDON.

Right: The Young Committee of the Blue Bird Ball assembled at Lady Bird's cocktail-party. These three members of it are MISS DIANA TYRWHITT-DRAKE, MISS RENNIE BURN, *and* MISS MOLLIE SULLIVAN. *The photographs on this page include snapshots taken at other cocktail-parties of the week.*

PLACES AND PEOPLE.

Left: MISS PAMELA CAYZER, MISS Y. STREET, LADY CAYZER, *and* SIR HERBERT R. CAYZER *at the opening meet of the Garth at Swan-lake Park.*

Right: The Joint-Masters of the Garth— SIR HERBERT R. CAYZER, BT., M.P., *and* MISS EFFIE BARKER *— are here in conference at the opening meet.*

MISS PRIMULA ROLLO, *daughter of Lady Kathleen Rollo, came on foot to the meet of the Fernie at the Village Green, King's Norton.*

The COUNTESS OF OSSORY *and her son,* VISCOUNT THURLES *(left), attended the gala première of "Doctor Syn" at the New Gallery Kinema.* MR. GORDON LENNOX *is in the centre.*

MISS DIANA BETHELL, *daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Beck, is to be a bridesmaid at the forthcoming marriage of the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller and Mr. Ian A. de H. Lyle.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

SIR ROBERT THROCKMORTON, BT., *is seen dancing with* MISS EILEEN WENZEL *at the Café de Paris.*

A committee meeting for the forthcoming Red Cross Ball to be held at Grosvenor House on November 24 was attended by DAME BERYL OLIVER, SIR HAROLD FAWCUS, *the* COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK, *Chairman of the Executive Committee,* LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, *Vice-Chairman, and* MISS JEAN INNES-KER.

CAMERA-PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PRESENT-DAY BEAUTY.

MRS. BROOKE-SHORT *is the widow of Major Cecil Brooke-Short, Royal Marines. She was Miss Rea Irvine; and was tremendously popular in her home town, New York. She is now returning to the U.S.A. to visit friends.*

Right: MISS JOAN MARY LINDSAY, *only daughter of Major-General G. M. Lindsay, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., is engaged to Mr. Charles Holwell Thomas, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. D. Thomas, of Southwick House, Kirkcudbrightshire.*

LADY GLORIA FISHER *is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne. Her marriage to Mr. Nigel Fisher, son of the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher, R.N., took place in 1935, when she was nineteen years of age.*

MISS CYNTHIA ELLIOT *is a member of the "Five Square Committee" for the Red Cross Ball in aid of the British Red Cross Clinic for Rheumatism.*

MISS JEAN INNES-KER *is the Chairman of the "Five Square Committee" for the Red Cross Ball on November 24. She is the daughter of Lady Alastair Innes-Ker.*

MISS DIANA MAINWARING, *daughter of Lady Mainwaring, is a member of the "Five Square Committee" for the Red Cross Ball.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE, PETER NORTH, SOPER, AND ELIZABETH CORCORAN.

Left: THE CROWN PRINCE and PRINCESS OF DENMARK *were among the royal visitors who attended the dinner-party given at Marlborough House recently by Queen Mary. Including the hostess, there were seven Kings and Queens present—the King and Queen, the King and Queen of Bulgaria, the King of the Hellenes, and Queen Victoria Eugénie. The Crown Princess of Denmark was Princess Ingrid of Sweden and is a granddaughter of the Duke of Connaught. The Crown Prince left England on Wednesday, but she stayed on with her grandfather.*

THE INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA, *unmarried daughter of Queen Victoria Eugénie and King Alfonso, was a guest.*

PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA, *wife of the Prince Regent of Yugoslavia and sister of the Duchess of Kent, also attended the dinner-party.*

THE KING OF THE HELLENES, *who has been staying at Buckingham Palace with the King and Queen, was one of the crowned heads present.*

QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE *with her mother,* PRINCESS BEATRICE, *and her m*
VICTORIA TORLONIA. *Queen Eugénie, Prince and Princess Torlonia, a*

PHOTOGRAPH BY J

FOREIGN ROYALTY AT A DINNER AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: QUEEN

rried daughter, PRINCESS TORLONIA, and granddaughter, ALESSANDRA
d the Infanta Maria Cristina were among Queen Mary's guests.
ET JEVONS.

PRINCESS HELEN OF RUMANIA *and her aunt,* PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE, *were guests at the Marlborough House dinner-party. Princess Helen was the wife of King Carol of Rumania and is the mother of the Crown Prince Michael.*

Left: The KING *and* QUEEN OF THE BULGARIANS *were among the reigning Sovereigns who attended Queen Mary's dinner. Queen Joanna is a daughter of the King of Italy and was Princess Giovanna (Joanna) of Savoy.*

Right:
PRINCESS MARIA OF SAVOY, *youngest daughter of the King of Italy, was another guest. She has been going about a great deal in London during her visit here.*

MARY'S GUESTS, INCLUDING TWO CONTINENTAL REIGNING MONARCHS.

ROBERT TAYLOR AS A VERY FRESH
LIFE AT OXFORD,

ROBERT TAYLOR'S *life at Oxford is now being lived—at Denham, where his new picture,* "A YANK AT OXFORD," *is being made in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer British Studios. Here, in the guise of the undergraduate from the U.S.A., he prepares to enter the Freshmen 440 trials—in cap and gown.*

ROBERT TAYLOR, *as Sheridan, the American undergraduate, is told by* GRIFFITH JONES *that he "can't run that way."*

"*Hail, O famous American!*" ROBERT COOTE, *as a fake Oxford Dean, is issuing a mock welcome to the U.S.A. undergraduate, Lee Sheridan* (ROBERT TAYLOR).

Right: "*Pull your weight there, Sheridan!*" *The Yank decides to "take a ride" while his fellow-oarsmen carry the shell. A minute later they pick him up and toss him in the river.*

Right: ROBERT TAYLOR *is supposed to have been tossed into the Isis. It's really the River Colne, but it's just as wet as the Oxford stream!*

MAN: THE FAMOUS FILM STAR'S AT DENHAM.

Here the YANK *is beating* STANLEY JEFFCOAT *as a Cambridge athlete in an inter-Varsity relay race.*

Romance on the Isis with undergraduette MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN. ROBERT TAYLOR *whispers "Gee! I'd like to have you in my town."*

Left: Life at Oxford is not all Deans and Dons, though. ROBERT TAYLOR *is trying to get his rink legs in this sequence. The girl is* MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN.

"THE RICH NEGRESS."

"THE BIG HEAD."

"THE GREEN PARROT."

"THE BUFFALO MAN."

"THE SUN GOD."

"THE TUAREG."

"THE HOLY COW."

"YOUNG NEGRESS."

"A CAID OF MOROCCO."

BRIGHT EYES TO LIGHT YOU: VERY NEW LAMPS FOR OLD!

We have grown accustomed to the illuminated sign, to flooding, and to all sorts of amusing fancies and tricks of modern lighting, but here is a brand-new idea from the Colonial Section of the Paris Exhibition. These amusing heads, which look like rare examples of negro sculpture, are executed in a thick quality of transparent material in different colours. The light comes from the eyes in most instances, as powerful electric bulbs are placed in the sockets; but in some cases it filters through the transparent material.

'Leda'
SILK STOCKINGS
—for afternoon
'LEDA' A 8/11
'LEDA' B 6/11
'LEDA' C 4/11
in Fashion's newest shades
Exclusive to :—
HARRODS • DICKINS & JONES
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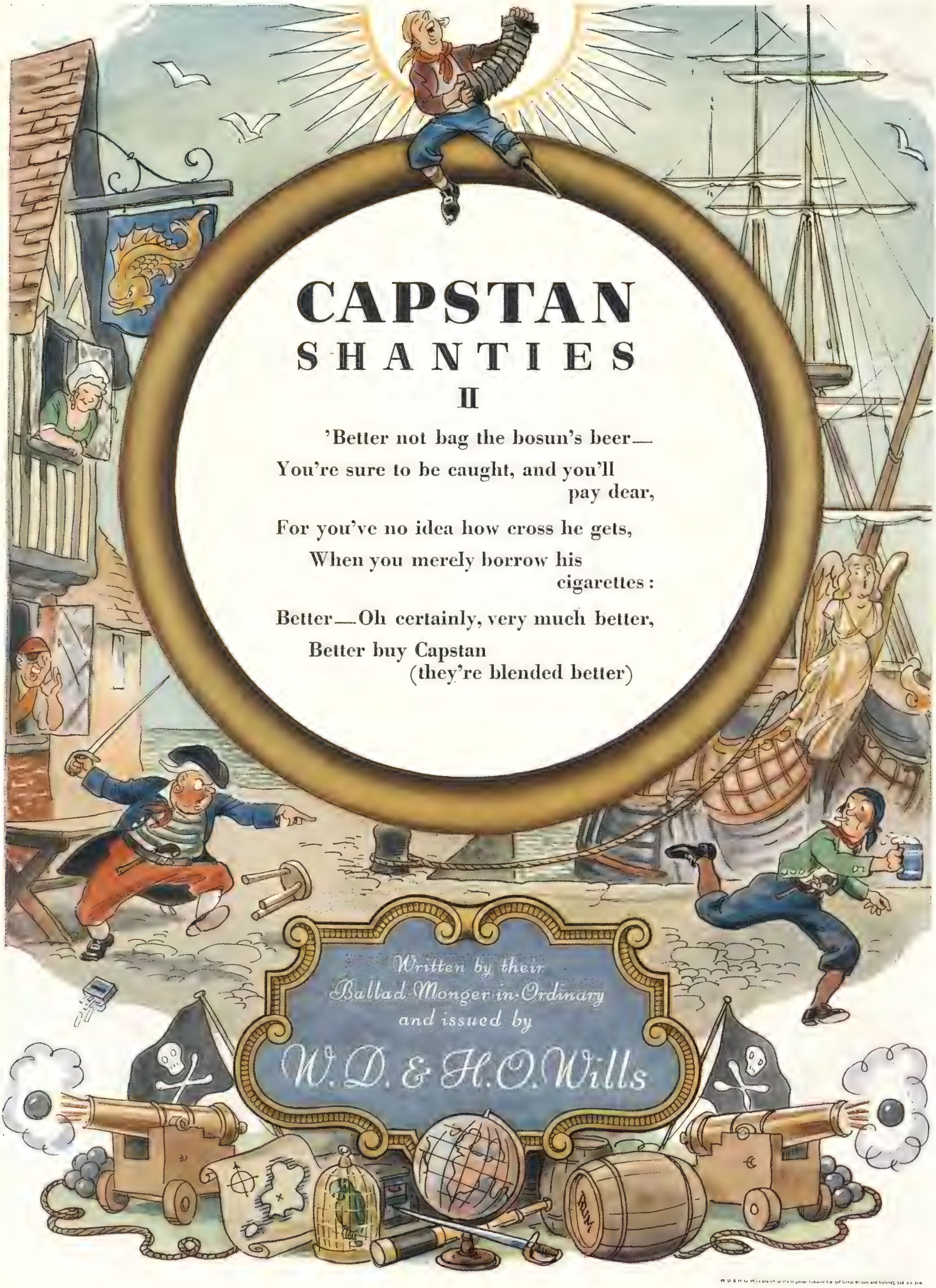

CAPSTAN
SHANTIES
II
'Better not bag the bosun's beer—
You're sure to be caught, and you'll pay dear,
For you've no idea how cross he gets,
When you merely borrow his cigarettes:
Better—Oh certainly, very much better,
Better buy Capstan
(they're blended better)
Written by their
Ballad Monger in Ordinary
and issued by
W. D. & H. O. Wills
RUM

RUSSIAN DIVA-STAR

FOR "THE SKY'S THE LIMIT."

MARA LOSSEFF, *the lovely young Russian singer, is making her film début in* "THE SKY'S THE LIMIT," *the new Jack Buchanan Production picture due at the Leicester Square Theatre on November 19. She plays Isobella, an operatic diva, opposite to Jack Buchanan as Dave, the young aircraft designer. Miss Losseff is well known as a light operatic star in Berlin and Vienna, and has sung opposite to Tauber in "Paganini." She scored big successes on the Continent in "Viktoria and Her Hussar," "The Dubarry," and "Ball at the Savoy." Her latest appearance in Vienna was last year in "Maja."*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

LET us lead off with levity, since high and tragic matters have later to be considered. "IT 'S IN THE BAG," dialogue by Cecil Landeau and music by George Frank Rubens, a new revue at the Saville, is easy to look at and to listen to, and altogether an affable, companionable, and not too impressive show. One says "not too impressive" because revues are sometimes propelled at us with so starry a cast and with so much highfalutin' about the *décor* and the amount spent and all the foreign geniuses employed, that one is glad to welcome the humble gifts of economical common sense.

Long and sad experience has warned critics that when a show is postponed the delay may bode no good. The Saville show was an exception to the rule. Arriving a little behind schedule, it was quite a lot ahead of expectation. It has been highly praised, and that is sometimes dangerous; because the first audiences are apt to say: "Well, it wasn't as good as all that"; and their friends then conclude, quite wrongly, that it isn't good enough to be worth a visit at all. So let us not become immoderate about "It 's in the Bag," being content to say that it is a nice show, with fresh ideas of drollery and decoration, and fresh names at the top of the bill.

Mr. Gene Sheldon has a fine comedian's smile and so wide an acquaintance with the tricks of his trade that he can smile and smile and smile while riding a dismembered bicycle, or while himself plucking some stringed instrument as though it were a dead fowl. I could wish that Miss Doris Hare had as good chances as Mr. Sheldon. For she is great fun, whatever she undertakes. So are Miss Maxine Stone and Mr. Benny Ross. He talks about her high-kicking act, and she sleeps through his lecture. His chatter is slick and her sleep is sound: indeed, she seems to be the weariest woman in the world, the outsize in somnolence, "the top" in torpor.

But when at last she wakes up and acts, she certainly puts a kick in it. Miss Elisabeth Welch contributes the kind of singing which is, I understand, called "torch." Why, I know not. Anyhow, "torch" is not the short for "torture." Everybody will enjoy Miss Welch's singing and Miss Sepha Treble's dancing and the ingenuity of the scenic episodes, ranging from Old Mexico to modern forest. As was said, this revue does not arrive with what is known as "a galaxy" or a row of mighty names. But it ought to make a name or two.

"The House rose at 11 p.m.", say the Parliamentary reports. The house rose, at the same hour and in the Vaudeville Theatre, to acclaim Miss Marie Ney's performance of Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "GHOSTS." The production by Miss Esmé Church is beautifully balanced, and it may seem unfair to single out one piece of acting where all was excellent. But Mrs. Alving is one of the great traditional rôles, the vehicle of the rival geniuses who set alight the European theatre a generation ago. That Miss Ney could hold her own in any company of Ibsenites I firmly believe.

Her work, while beating tremendously on our sense of compassion, is so lucid, so clear-cut, and so shrewdly disciplined. She remembers that Mrs. Alving was a well-read modern woman (of her time), gifted with a sense of humour as well as with a load of suffering, and not just an agonising tragedy queen who is there to "lift the roof" in the last act. This is a lovely piece of work. Mr. Stephen Murray, a young man who plays old men even better than he plays young ones, wears the conscience and canonicals of Pastor Manders with a lean, wry, self-torturing manner, and is very helpful in a part which is often made too broadly comic or left as just dull. Mr. Clifford Evans as the doomed Oswald, Mr. Frederick Bennett as the knavish carpenter, and Miss Sylvia Coleridge as the lively Regina all do extremely well. A bleak play? Yes, but a bracing air. Such acting, a real credit to our stage, quickens the senses and delights the mind. As was said, "the house rose." One does not expect so tumultuous a response after a night at Mrs. Alving's. But I fancy it will happen every evening of the run.

Mr. James Parish's play at the Phœnix, "GOOD-BYE TO YESTERDAY," unhappily lived less than a week. It had a brilliant cast, headed by Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Philip Merivale, who played the two chief parts most movingly. It was directed with the usual efficiency by Mr. Basil Dean. It seemed to me not a flawless play, but certainly a good modern tragedy, novel in idea, immensely sincere in treatment, and dealing in authentic human values, instead of exploiting the ordinary hocus-pocus of artificial theatrical situations. I thought it, for example, a more original and interesting play than "Autumn," Mr. Basil Dean's other autumn production, and a great success, thanks to the acting, at the St. Martin's. However, I appear to have been in a smallish minority, and certainly the subject was a difficult one to commend to an audience. I suggest that in tragedy there is a deal of snobbishness. We take it from certain names and say it is fine: without the names, we say it is sordid—or, at least, that is how it seems to me!

GENE SHELDON *fails to make a pretty table-centre by tearing pieces out of a newspaper.* SEPHA TREBL[E] DIANA CHASE *is in full cry.* ELISABETH WELCH *is a melodious newsboy.* DORIS HARE *is testing ou[t]* *reveals the terpsichorean vigour of the Polish lower classes*

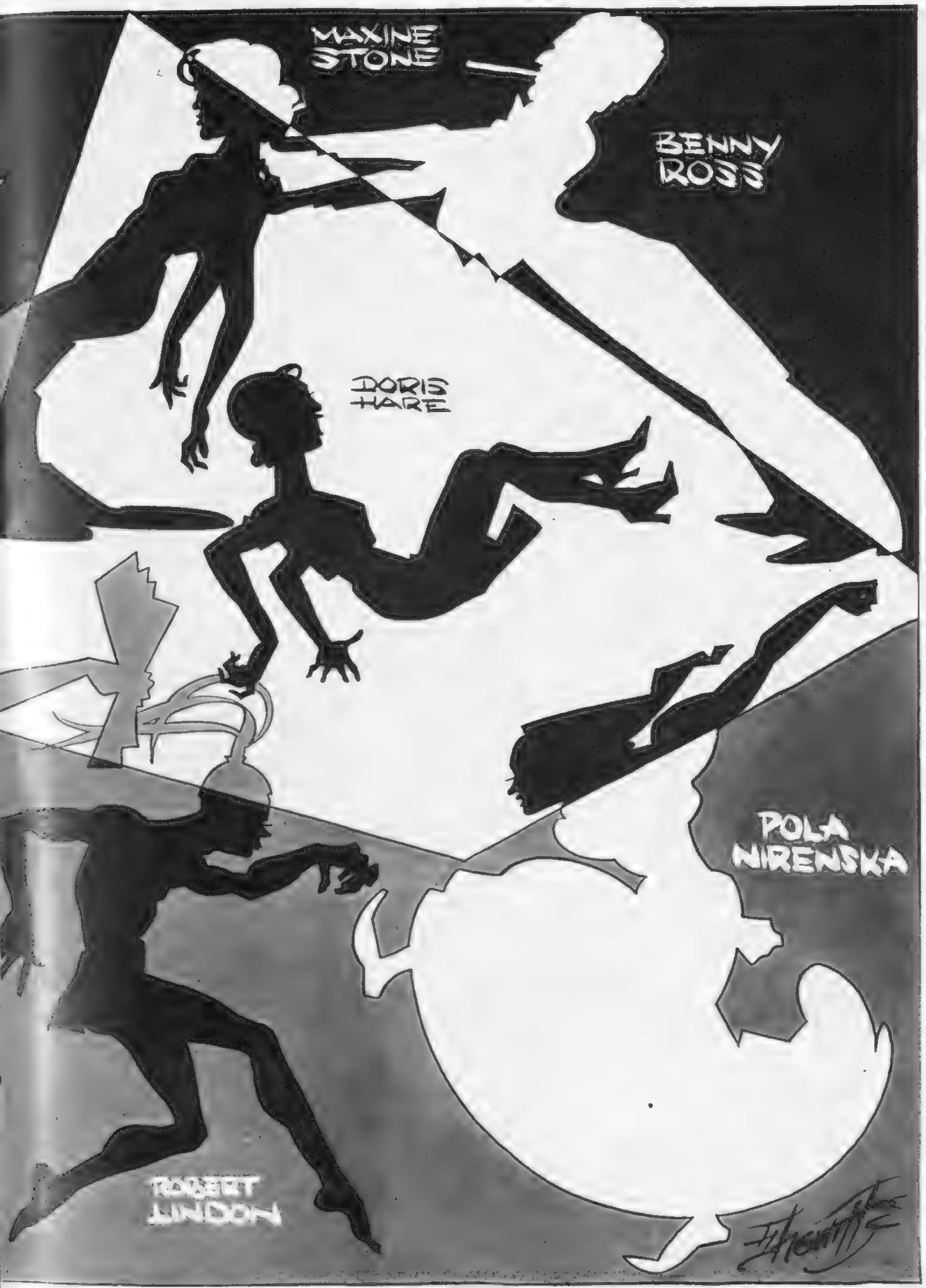
The sudden collapse evoked my sympathy for all concerned. Mr. Parish will now be fully justified in saying that the English theatre wants only crooks and corpses and in going off to serve that appetite. I hope Miss Cooper and Mr. Merivale will not at once return to America. Mr. Merivale has been most unlucky in London during recent years. It must come right for him next time. Besides, good actresses are not so common that we can afford to discourage them. That Miss Cooper is a really fine emotional actress we have known for some time, and her performance in "Good-bye to Yesterday" amply confirmed the knowledge.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE new Columbia picture, "IT 'S ALL YOURS" (presented at the Regal), reflects the present vogue of crazy comedy in its development and has the merit of giving Madeleine Carroll a chance to bring her sense of humour into action. It is, indeed, good to see Miss Carroll, all smiles, or occasionally all petulant tears, brightly engaged in the game of hoodwinking Francis Lederer, with the laudable object of coaxing that experienced playboy into love and responsibility. It would be better still if her game were a trifle more plausibly invented, and if the dialogue had risen to the occasion, instead of leaving nearly all the sparkle to the stars and their settings. A comedy so light, so clearly designed to bubble in a brittle glass, needs a witty pen to whip it up, but apart from a few good lines that fall to Mischa Auer's share, the efforts of the players are scarcely reinforced by the playwright. The pivot of the plot is young Jimmy Barnes, whose wealthy uncle leaves his millions to his very efficient secretary, hoping that she will marry and reform his dissolute nephew. The girl, already in love with Jimmy, allows him to suppose that the will can be broken, and embarks on a campaign of reckless spending in New York. With Jimmy rushing to the rescue of a fortune he believes may yet be his, and a penniless baron whose business is "marrying money" to arouse his jealousy, the heroine's elaborate scheme succeeds. Mischa Auer as the amiable Baron, delightfully candid about his matrimonial aims and surprisingly able to hold his own in a fistic bout with Jimmy, provides most of the laughs, though Madeleine Carroll, who emerges easily from secretarial homespun into radiant beauty and dazzling elegance, attacks every situation with zest; Francis Lederer bestows his charm on the character of a disgruntled young man.



dances classic and jazzic. BENNY ROSS *fights a losing battle against* MAXINE STONE'S *desire to sleep. a new mattress.* ROBERT LINDON *recreates the impassioned antics of an Aztec priest.* POLA NIRENSKA *It's all in* "IT 'S IN THE BAG," *at the Saville.—Sherriffs caricatures.*

A clever adaptation of a Hungarian play by Melchior Lengyel, "ANGEL" (Plaza), discovers a new approach to the old triangle theme by treating it wittily, somewhat cynically, perhaps, and certainly from a definitely modern point of view. The story could not well have been slighter, yet, in the hands of Ernst Lubitsch, producer and director, it stays its allotted course, with no signs of strain or unnecessary padding. It achieves the unexpected by the subtle twists which Mr. Lubitsch gives to its development, and by the ingenuity with which he emphasises his points or transfers the narrative to the running commentary in the kitchen. The staff's reactions to the controlled, but none the less emotional, atmosphere in Sir Frederick Barker's country mansion are illuminating and highly diverting. The beautiful Lady Maria Barker is a romantic. She loves her husband, a brilliant diplomat, whose duty to his country blinds him to his duty to his wife. He takes their love for granted, and she doesn't like it. In Paris, at a "salon" run by a Russian Grand Duchess on most obliging lines, she meets a man who does not take her for granted, who, on the contrary, thinks her an angel and raves about his Angel when fate leads him to Sir Frederick's house. The husband stumbles on the truth and does a little hard thinking. There are no scenes, no recriminations. The suggestion of Vienna and a second honeymoon, instead of duty and Geneva, clips Angel's escapading wings. Attuned to a polished and conversational key, the characters and their conflict are yet shrewdly observed. Of the three, Herbert Marshall's study of the husband, charming, courtly, and a trifle smug, is the outstanding performance. We were promised a new Marlene Dietrich, a Dietrich brought to life and warmth by Ernst Lubitsch. Herein, however, the picture proves a disappointment. Lovely to look at, the Dietrich remains as enigmatical as Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," posing alluringly, with perfect precision; nor does Melvyn Douglas impress me as the personification of romance, but as a piece of cool and calculated entertainment "Angel" is a picture to be seen.

A rousing melodrama of the good old days when many a flagon of fine French wine found its way, duty free, to the Squire's table, and the village inn, has been lifted from the pages of Russell Thorndike's novel, with George Arliss as the benevolent parson who preached by day and smuggled by night. "DR. SYN" (at the New Gallery) transforms the First Gentleman of the Screen into an ex-pirate who, having escaped death on the gallows by a hair's-breadth, brings affluence to Dymchurch by organising a band of smugglers, his activities veiled by his recently donned cassock, and their nocturnal traffic shrouded in the hoods and robes in which they ride out over the Romney Marshes, *à la* Ku Klux Klan. Dr. Syn salves his conscience and wins our sympathy by devoting his illegal earnings to charity and good works. Nevertheless, this Robin Hood of the Marshes is an astute rogue, as his clash with the King's men under the command of Captain Collyer, a formidable adversary, ably played by Roy Emerton, presently proves in a tale that is packed with vigorous action and punctuated with a couple of murders as well as the attempted killing of the parson by a mad mulatto. A strange *galère* for Mr. Arliss, but he holds his own with great gusto, even to felling a traitor with a straight right to the jaw, and downing the mulatto with a well-aimed missile. Yet he remains Mr. Arliss, dryly humorous, incisive, and wily, with a heart for young romance, pleasantly represented by Margaret Lockwood and John Loder, whom he finds time to unite in wedlock before sailing away to safety and—who knows?—to renewed piracy. Under the direction of Roy William Neill, this well-staged picture swings along at a good pace from one exciting episode to another.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, *and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page* XIV

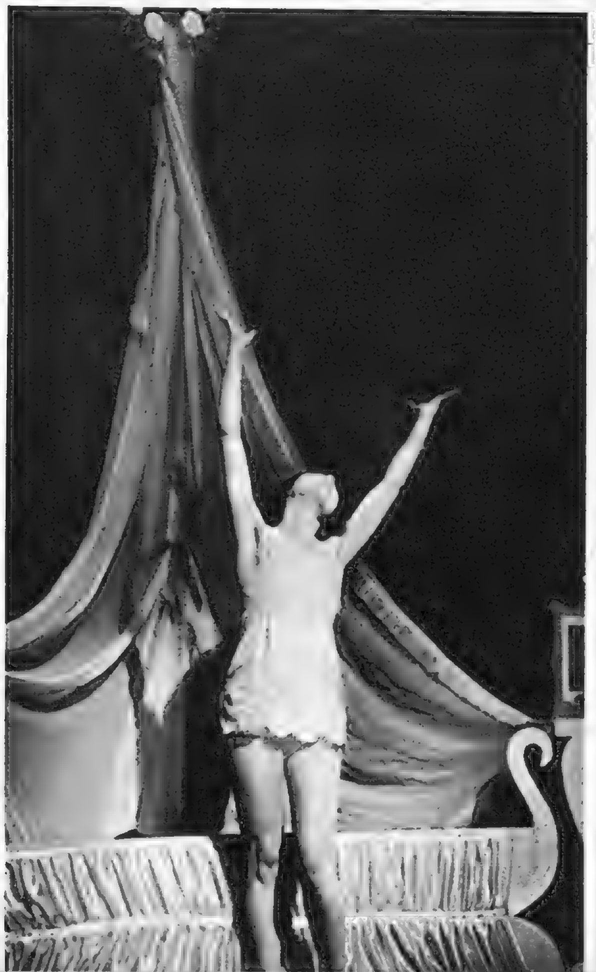
"IT'S IN THE BAG!": AN "UNUSICAL" SHOW AT THE SAVILLE.

"AN AZTEC OFFERING" is a number in the unusual and musical (hence "unusical"!) "It's in the Bag!", at the Saville. Here the Singer (ELISABETH WELCH) is in the centre. POLA NIRENSKA is the Maiden.

"A DEB.'S DAY OUT" shows a girl in her Bedroom, in the Row, in Bond Street, Dining out, and back in her Bedroom. SEPHA TREBLE is the Deb., here walking her dog (a lively-looking property animal) in Bond Street.

"LET'S GO BYE-BYE ON A BICYCLE" is a gay number in which DORIS HARE and GENE SHELDON are the cyclists. It is the finale of the show.

DORIS HARE and GENE SHELDON'S songs include the successful "I HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE." The music of the show is by George Frank Rubens.



GENE SHELDON is here seen with his guitar.

Left: This is SEPHA TREBLE as the débutante in her Bedroom in the sketch "A DEB.'S DAY OUT."

Right: ELISABETH WELCH appears as Rhythm in the number entitled "I'LL WRITE A LOVE SONG." The Notes, the Words, the Melody, the Harmony, and Discord are all introduced in this.

GEORGE ARLISS AS SAINT AND SMUGGLER "DOCTOR SYN."

GEORGE ARLISS takes the title-rôle in the new Gaumont-British picture "DOCTOR SYN," at the New Gallery Kinema. When in the pulpit the Doctor looks very saintly. H.M. Queen Mary attended the gala première of the film, in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies.

Captain Collyer (ROY EMERTON) tries to arrest Doctor Syn (GEORGE ARLISS) as a smuggler. The parishioners prevent this.

Right: MISS MARGARET LOCKWOOD as Imogene, the charming daughter of Doctor Syn.

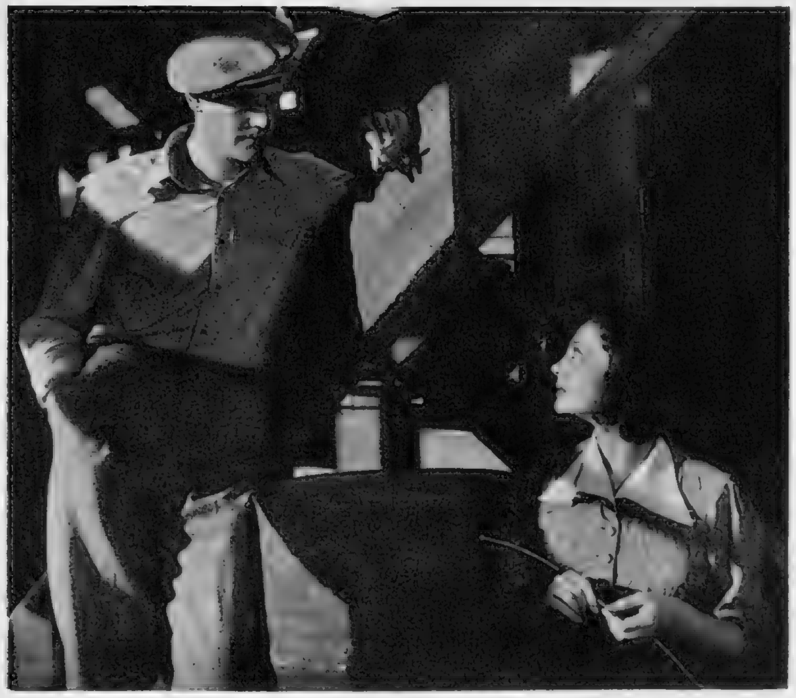
The last clerical duty performed by Doctor Syn—alias Pirate Clegg (GEORGE ARLISS)—is to marry his daughter Imogene (MARGARET LOCKWOOD) to Denis (JOHN LODER), the Squire's son.

Captain Collyer (ROY EMERTON), the man in search of the gang, points to the wound on Doctor Syn's wrist and declares it to be evidence that he is Pirate Clegg, alias the Scarecrow.

Doctor Syn (GEORGE ARLISS) and his loyal supporter, Mipps, the undertaker (GEORGE MERRITT), destroy the last shred of evidence of the fact that there has been smuggling in Dymchurch before making their final get-away.

TOUGH GUYS AND CHILD VILLAINS OF "DEAD END."

"DEAD END," the Samuel Goldwyn production, due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on November 21, is based on the play by Sidney Kingsley, with the "Dead End Kids" from the original New York stage cast. Here Dave (JOEL McCREA; *l.*) is with gangster "Baby-face" Martin (HUMPHREY BOGART; *r.*) and Hunk (ALLEN JENKINS).



Dave (JOEL McCREA) *hates the sordid atmosphere of crime; and is fond of Drina* (SYLVIA SIDNEY), *the sister of Tommy, leader of the young hooligans.*

Dave (JOEL McCREA) *interferes with "Baby-face" Martin* (HUMPHREY BOGART) *and his henchman, Hunk* (ALLEN JENKINS), *who are plotting to kidnap Philip Griswold.*

Dave (JOEL McCREA), *who is infatuated with Kay* (WENDY BARRIE), *pleads with her to leave her life of gilded sin and start afresh with him.*

The police come in at the death of the notorious and sinister gangster, "Baby-face" Martin (HUMPHREY BOGART), *who has been shot by Dave.*

Left: The little hooligans of Dead End are under the command of Tommy (BILL HALOP). *They are well on the way to gangsterdom and "Baby-face" Martin is their hero. Philip* (CHARLES PECK; *l.*) *is being beaten up.*

Right: This shows the ceremony of Gang Initiation. The Dead End kids are giving Milty (BERNARD PUNSLY) *the "garbage cure." They are Angel* (BOBBY JORDAN), *T. B.* (GABRIEL DELL), *and Spit* (LEO GORCEY).

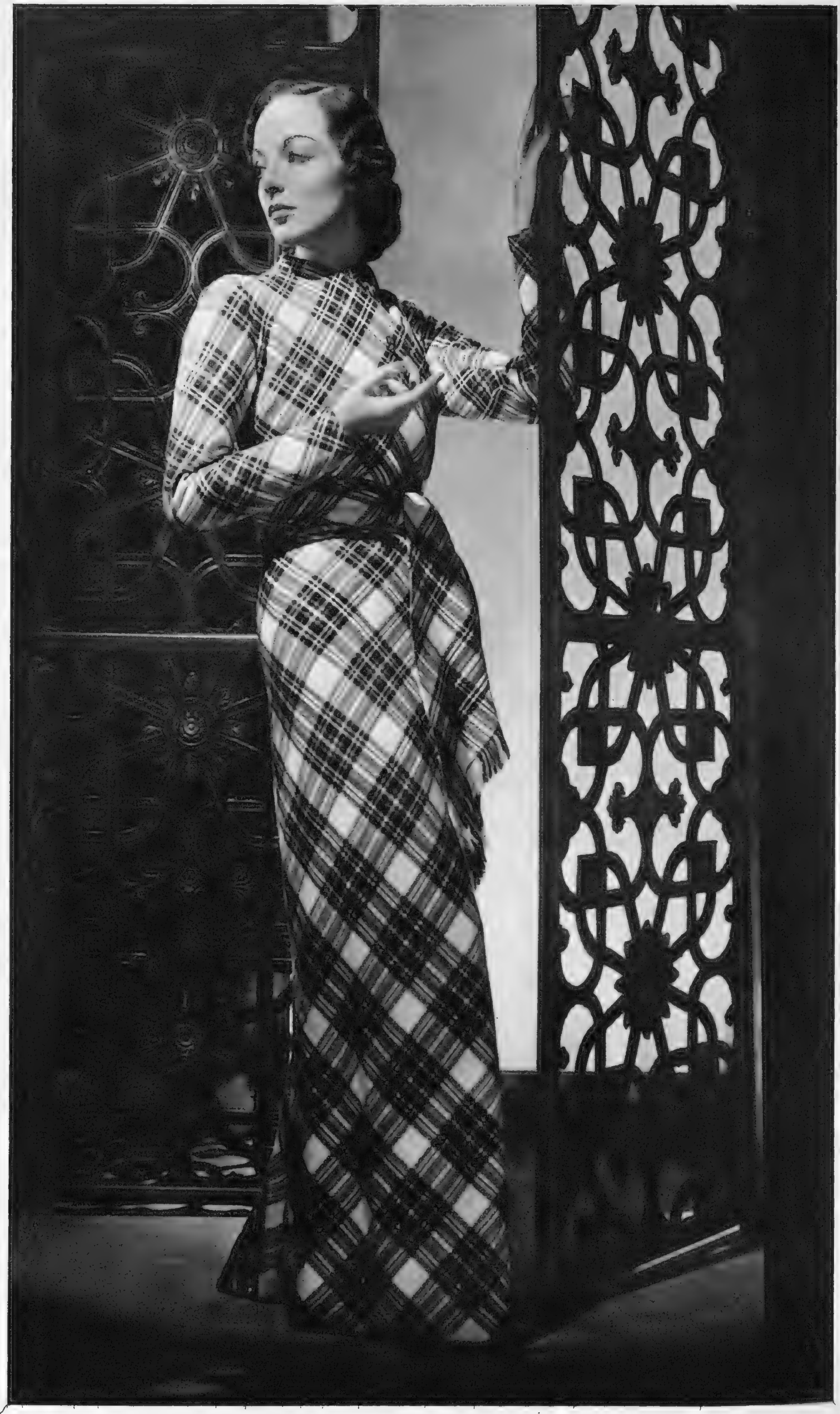
EMLYN WILLIAMS AND ANGELA BADDELEY IN "RICHARD III."

EMLYN WILLIAMS *gives a remarkable performance as Crookback in* "RICHARD III." *at the Old Vic, and is here seen with* ANGELA BADDELEY *as Lady Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, and later Queen to Richard III. His apparently passionate wooing has broken down her loathing of him, and he has just placed his ring on her finger with the words: "Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger, Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart . . ." It will be remembered that this terrifying love-scene ends with Richard's speech beginning: "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd? . . . What! I, that killed her husband and his father, To take her in her heart's extremest hate. . . ."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH



JOHN EVERARD.

A PERFECT house-coat should have dignity, and warmth of colouring, and a complete imperviousness to creases and to negligent but comfortable attitudes.

Here is one, from Jaeger, of 204, Regent Street, made in a pure wool tartan, the vivid colours splashed against a white ground. Fastened with a large kilt pin and a fringed sash, it is sophisticated enough for informal entertaining even while it is an ever-welcoming companion for fireside evenings. It can be yours for seven guineas.

If you like to be one jump ahead of your friends, go along to Jaeger's and see their house suits—admirably tailored tweed jackets and scarves worn with velvet pants—designed to foster relaxation after a hard day's hunting in the Shires.

Steps to Seventh Heaven
To achieve beauty one must be beautiful in all things. For instance, the effect of the most entrancing ensemble can be drastically dissembled by an unfortunate choice of stockings. For many years we have been strewing the paths of beauty with stockings of exceptional loveliness. Our charge for this service is a mere matter of anything from 3/11 to 6/11.
May we mention the Bear Brand Supreme ringless stockings are an unusually acceptable Christmas gift?
Bear Brand
SUPREME
SHEER RINGLESS
3'11 · 4'11 · 5'11 · 6'11

WHEN EVERY PARTY IS A REAL THRILL.

Ballerina.

Cavalier.

GRAND to be so young that one looks forward to parties weeks ahead. Tragic to have a party spoiled because one is self-conscious about one's dress. Yet that is the sort of thing that can so easily happen when one is in the teens.

For a girl who is small and light and gay nothing could be more utterly charming than a short dance dress. Look at Ballerina, photographed above. Made in wine-coloured taffeta, piped around the waist and sleeves, it has a neck which can be worn open or closed at the back, and a white metal bow is set at the throat. It also looks quite lovely in a soft cerise, in deep blue, violet, or pine green, and it costs 5½ guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

THE sternest critics are those who are very young, for they have not learned to be tolerant of other people's feelings. Yet any girl could wear with confidence the delightful party dress that is shown on the left. Fine black lace, very simple in design, veils a turquoise-blue slip of taffeta-poult. Full-skirted, with a little frill bordering the corsage, a narrow velvet ribbon is tied round the waist. Nothing could be more demure, and it costs only 8½ guineas.

With it is worn a Cavalier cape in uncrushable black velvet lined with turquoise satin. This is beautifully shaped and ties at the neck with the new bell-finished ends. Here again the price is 8½ guineas, and both the dress and cape come from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN EVERARD.

A DRIFT OF WHITE TULLE, SATIN LIT, SASHED WITH BLUE VELVET AND PINK ROSES. FROM DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. HERBERT ASQUITH'S reminiscences cover the greater part of his lifetime and have something to say, though often the references are fleeting, about most of the people who move across or linger in the vista of his backward-turning mind. But, unlike many memoir-writers who never stray far from one subject — themselves — Mr. Asquith has a co-hero in his chronicle—his father, Lord Oxford. And again unlike many of his colleagues in the same field, he leaves large tracts of his experience unexplored. There is a long section describing his childhood in Hampstead and the family's holidays in Wales and Scotland; chapters relating to his time at Winchester and Balliol; a sketch of pre-war politics, with pictures of some of the most eminent figures in it; and then the war as he saw it—an artillery officer who took part in many a desperate engagement. Mr. Asquith's reminiscences of the war form nearly half the book. A kind of coda succeeds them, a last glimpse of Lord Oxford at his country house on the Thames. This has the beauty and tranquillity of a Claude landscape; spacious, mellow, and benign, the sunset lends its parting glow to the venerable statesman before he himself turns towards it.

MRS. F. M. CARTERET-CAREY *is here seen in her robes as Mayor of Windsor. She is the first woman to hold this office.*

Men and Events.

To the general reader, the interest of an autobiography depends to some extent on the importance of the events and the prominence of the persons who come into the story. Judged from this standpoint, "Moments of Memory" has little to fear. The events are the most striking the twentieth century has yet witnessed, and the characters are those who took a leading, a determining part in those events. But the charm and literary value of an autobiography rest on deeper and more obscure foundations. The author has to create his stage and then to occupy it—with such assistance from outside as he thinks fit—for the whole length of the drama; and his bearing on this stage, the way he makes his bow, conducts his dialogues, and, above all, his soliloquies, is the decisive factor in the book's success. Some memoir-writers, especially men, hold themselves aloof from their audience; they write with the detachment and impartiality of historians. Others, particularly women, rush to the opposite extreme. To get their personalities "across" they throw aside reserve; to achieve intimacy they sacrifice discretion. Their books proclaim themselves. And yet so perverse is art, so unwilling to yield to shock tactics, that they often fail to make their own voices heard in the barrage of shouting and whispering that streams upward from the page. Like some advertisements, they suggest an advertisement rather than the thing advertised.

A Perfect Autobiographical Manner.

Mr. Asquith's manner seems to me the perfect autobiographical manner. He presents himself without *empressement*, yet without undue diffidence, and though he never makes the gesture of taking the reader into his confidence, the reader feels, from the first moment, that he enjoys it. His writing is direct and simple, and its irony, which is almost indistinguishable from its humour, and is as operative in the battlefields of Flanders as in the Hampstead garden where he played cricket with his father, is never edged with bitterness or malice. Nor is it touched with self-complacency, a subtler fault which eventually reduces all recorded experience to a uniform pinkish tone, without light or shade or genuine albination of mood. His irony is the natural apparel of his mind, just as poetry is. But on occasion he can put them both aside. His account of the events leading up to the war, for instance, is as lucid and impersonal as an historian could wish; while his descriptions of actions in battle come from a soldier's pen. Only the transitions are always modulated; there is a cadence, a change of mood and key, unexaggerated but always perceptible, when he slides from one theme to another.

D. H. Lawrence.

Still, my favourite passages in the book are those in which Mr. Asquith allows free play to his interest in human beings—an interest in which there is never the rank taste of curiosity or the sour taste of moral judgment. He has a flair for finding, in people or things, rare, perhaps unique, examples of the queer and the odd—as witness the hallucination under which a friend at his private school laboured, and made him labour too. These are the mysteries of youth, and his childhood, though so vividly remembered, is full of the sense of mystery. Maturer years gave him a much fuller insight into character, but left his sense of mystery unimpaired. Of D. H. Lawrence he writes—

> Lawrence's presence had a singular personal charm, simple, direct, and curiously disarming in his moments of vital gaiety: when he entered a room one was immediately conscious of his strange attractiveness, and it gained emphasis from the fact that his personality was so entirely different from that of anyone else. It is not possible to forget his swift sensitive response to the spirit of life, a contagious habit which seemed to spread to others who were in his company, though no one I ever knew possessed the same mysterious powers. He loved or hated sights or sounds through which many men pass daily with blinkered eyes, and he could draw from life more joy, and bitterness as well, than most others could take in a week. His presence was very frequently that of a benign being, and it did not often suggest that he was a visitant from the dark gods of his imagination.

How lucky Lawrence would have been had all his biographers possessed Mr. Asquith's instinct for what to leave between the lines. One of the most charming qualities of this book is the author's unconscious unwillingness to belittle anything or anyone — a trait which does not mean that the true proportions of a person or an incident escape him. His detachment gives him insight, and a scrupulousness more æsthetic than moral in origin gives him

[Continued overleaf.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH *was elected as Mayor of the Borough of Woodstock, Oxfordshire, at the statutory meeting at the Town Hall on Lord Mayor's Day. His father, the late Duke, held the position exactly thirty years ago. Our photograph shows his Grace in his robes and chain of office, with* HER GRACE THE DUCHESS *(l.) wearing her chain of office as Mayoress.*

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Continued.]

impartiality. For his father he cherished an affection which, though rarely disclosed, can be felt whenever his name is mentioned. They enjoyed a perfect relationship. But Mr. Asquith does not allow piety to influence his judgment—

[My father's] resolutions were grounded on careful thought, and once made they were sturdily maintained; he was not easily diverted from his path either by political bluff or by real menace, and beneath his mellowness was a strong foundation, a massive base of tempered reason, difficult to shake or assail. He was very human, but he was so remote from frenzy that he did not always understand the full force of its grip on others; when passions were roused he was sometimes inclined to overestimate the effect of the broad rational principles which governed his own actions.

A most judicious appraisal. Again and again in this book Lord Oxford's greatness stands out the more clearly because Mr. Asquith has recognised its limitations.

This is the charming COVER OF "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, *which will be on sale on November 19. It is a reproduction of "The Rose," by E. T. Parris, and is reproduced by courtesy of the Directors of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Parris, who was a delightful artist, had a considerable vogue as a portrait-painter, and numbered Queen Adelaide among his sitters. As usual, our Christmas Number is profusely illustrated and contains many beautiful and amusing colour-pages, including "Off for the Christmas Holidays," a double-page by Lionel Edwards; a series of splendid reproductions of amusing drawings by Rowlandson, illustrating "Life in the Reign of George III."; and an exceedingly entertaining new series of "Fruity Fables," by G. E. Studdy. Readers are advised to order their copies now from bookstall, newsagent, or the publisher, so as to make sure of obtaining them, for "The Sketch" Christmas Number is always sold out very quickly.*

"The Mother of Claudine." Though written in the form of fiction, "The Mother of Claudine" is also autobiography. It is different autobiography from Mr. Asquith's; yet the two books have one point in common: they are designed as memorials, and each is a work of piety as well as a personal record. Colette's mother, whom here she celebrates with the warmth and colour of which her pen so well knows the secret, was an enchanting woman. Full of maternal solicitude, she would ask, a score of times a day, the same question: "Where are the children?" This was not the fruit of needless anxiety, but a very pertinent enquiry, for Claudine and her brothers might be anywhere; they were out-of-door children who found a thousand things to occupy them in the bright Burgundian countryside. And needless to say they, like their mother, were animal lovers, and animals, especially cats, play a large part in this disjointed chronicle. Disjointed it certainly is. Colette's method is to select a scene or episode, plunge into it somewhere about the middle, and break off before the reader, unless he has been following with close attention, has got a proper grasp of what it is all about. At the same time, this impressionism seems perfectly natural to Colette. She is, indeed, the most natural of writers: the translation, which has many good points, together with some surprising lapses, allows us to see that. And Nature is what interests her, human nature and animal nature. Her intellectualism, which is also a marked quality in her writing, never gets divorced from Nature, and the relish she feels for Nature, sometimes in its most unregenerate moods. We see Claudine and her brothers growing up; we see their parents growing old—there is a sadness in this which Colette neither conceals nor exaggerates. Sido (as she called her mother) remained young at heart, in love with her husband and loved by him, till they were well on in the seventies; her courage, her loquacity, and her endearing impatience are as much in evidence on the last page as on the first. This is a book full of sunshine and shadow, renewal and decay: the procession of the seasons translated into terms of human life.

"GRETA," *a portrait of Greta Garbo as Anna Karenina, by* ROBERT D. GREENHAM; *and* "MERLE," *a portrait of Merle Oberon, by* GERALD L. BROCKHURST, A.R.A., *both reproductions from pictures in this year's Royal Academy, are given in full colours in the centre of* "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER. *They are fine examples of modern reproduction, and are mounted on olive-green marbled paper, within a black-and-gold border. The number of colour-pages (all of which are worth framing) are beautiful, interesting and amusing, and, with the variety and interest provided by the short stories, make our Christmas Number the ideal holiday companion.*

An Anthology of Oratory. "Silver Tongues" is an anthology of oratory: Mr. John Hayward's collection begins with Lord Chatham and ends with Lord Baldwin. In his admirable preface the compiler says: "The interest and value of these speeches . . . depend upon a combination of three things: the speaker himself, the words spoken, and the occasion." Most of the pieces he has chosen derive their interest about equally from all three sources; most of them are political in character. The protestations made by Irish patriots, two of them under the shadow of death, take a high place. We come across famous quotations: in Bright's speech on the Crimean War; in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech ("government of the people, by the people, and for the people"); in Disraeli's enunciation of Tory principles ("You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest"); and in President Wilson's arraignment of Germany ("a world safe for democracy"). I enjoyed Lord Randolph Churchill's onslaught on Gladstone ("The forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire") almost as much as I did Mr. Gladstone's "Responsibilities of Empire" speech in his Midlothian Campaign. I must add a very warm word of praise for the historical notes with which Mr. Hayward ushers in each speech: they are models of lucidity and compression.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Moments of Memory. By the Hon. Herbert Asquith. (*Hutchinson*; 18s.)

The Mother of Claudine. By Colette. (*T. Werner Laurie*; 7s. 6d.)

Silver Tongues. Compiled and Edited by John Hayward. (*Michael Joseph*; 8s. 6d.)

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"NOTHING like the good old stocks, when it comes to solid security," and The Broker tapped his pipe against his shoe. The pipe neatly broke off at the shoulder.

The Broker picked up the bowl and transferred what tobacco was left in it to a second pipe, which he drew from his pocket. The other men watched with great interest the little pantomime.

"Going to have it mended, Brokie?" asked The Jobber.

"Not me. I was too fond of it to risk having it spoiled with a new part. It 's never like the first one. I 'm sorry to have lost my old pal, but there you are! Life 's like that."

"Like what? A broken pipe, and rather foul at that?"

"No: life 's like my pipe because you 're always liable to unexpected accidents——"

"Now you 're getting mixed up between yourself and your pipe."

"The financial accidents that you meet with in the Stock Exchange are enough to disarrange any nervous system, I should think," The Merchant assumed.

"I feel so sorry for their wives and families when markets are bad and business is lousy," The City Editor sympathised. "A man is obliged to keep pretty civil during business hours——"

"Is he? Or shall I say, 'Does he?'"

"—but," The City Editor went on, "I can't help thinking there must be a reaction when he gets home."

"What you newspaper-chaps call a 'healthy reaction,' I suppose. I wonder whether I 'm as bad-tempered as you try to make out."

"'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter; 'for that you 're good is true.'"

"Possibly. For myself, I 'd rather have the Guinness. And I told you previously that brewery shares are a sound investment. You can get 4½ to 5 per cent. on your money from quite a decent number of them."

"You believe in the Industrial shares?"

"For another couple of years I should say they are safe to hold—the good shares, that is. The national industries will continue to prosper: the export trade can be expected to expand: peace——"

"I know a man in the North who recently received an order for several million sandbags."

"And isn't that kind of thing as good an insurance against war as you could ask?"

"I 'd much prefer to see the nations sit down and try to devise some workable scheme for doing away with war."

"What a slump there 'd be in some of your markets if universal peace were to break out!"

"Any slump in armament shares would be compensated many times over by the boom in others. It seems a fantastic thing to say——"

"Then why say it?" asked The Jobber.

"—but I feel pretty sure that if we don't all agree upon peace, we shall see red Revolution in more than one European country. There must be a point below which the standard of living would become unbearable to the mass of the people."

"Fantastic enough, I agree. Meantime, what shall we do for a living right here and now?"

"British Government stocks," declared The Broker, "are the safest securities in the world."

"None of us are likely to deny that," said The City Editor. "The objection is that they don't pay you a living return on your capital——"

"They yield more to-day than they did at this time last year."

"We had lost our sense of proportion. Didn't we say, week after week, that prices were being run up to ridiculous levels?"

"I don't remember the word 'ridiculous,'" objected The City Editor. "Wasn't it 'dangerous' that we said?"

"Whichever it was," The Merchant recalled, "we still went on buying things at toppy figures on the idea that the prices would go higher."

"Showing that we had reckoned without our host of Dictators and N.D.C."

"But British Government stocks and gilt-edged securities of every kind—aren't they too high now?"

"The recent buyers don't seem to think so, do they? There must have been millions of pounds of stock lifted from the Consol Market during the past three weeks."

"Safety-first purchasers, you know."

"Well, they know what they 're up to, no doubt. To my mind, there 's a very fair risk of depreciation in all these money stocks."

"Have you sold your own War Loan?" enquired The Jobber.

"No, but only because the stock is a good sheet-anchor as a permanent investment whatever its price. That 's why I stick to it; not because I think it 's cheap."

"Industrial shares give you a better return," The Engineer remarked. "But then you say that they are only safe to hold for a couple of years."

"I didn't go quite so far as to say that. All I contend is that the fine profits being made to-day by the trading concerns may dwindle when our industrial boomlet subsides."

"Bit of a hedger, aren't you?" The Jobber suggested.

"Isn't that better than being a Last Ditcher? My idea is that nearly all our sound industrial shares will pay well for their keep. But you have got to watch their step, that 's all."

"Good trade in the country should mean good traffics on the railways."

"The weekly returns aren't too bad."

"Nor are they too good. You would expect them to be better, considering the extra 5 per cent. the companies are now allowed to stick on to their charges."

"You generally find," said The Broker, "that a boomlet in the gilt-edged market is followed by a revival in Home Railway prices. That 's my experience, anyway. And it 's likely enough that we shall see the same thing happen this time."

"I don't like Home Rails," confessed The Jobber. "They 've always cost me money in the past. And that 's enough to prejudice a man against anything. And," he added dreamily, "anybody."

"Our Sentimental Cynic!" The Merchant laughed. "Better buy her a line or two of Home Rails, and——"

"Which would you choose?" asked The Engineer. "Great Western 's the best of the Ordinary stocks, but I 'm not too sure that the stock has the most chance of appreciating in price."

"Brum Nineteen Twenty-three preference gives you scope for talent."

"So does Brum ordinary. And you can buy more than twice as much of that as you can of the Twenty-three preference, with the same amount of money."

"On that argument," said The City Editor, "North-Eastern Second preference is cheaper still. It stands lower in price than London Midland and Scottish ordinary, and its dividend prospects are quite good, you know."

"Nobody has mentioned the Southern Railway," The Jobber pointed out. "What 's wrong with its stocks?"

"Nothing wrong with them, but they look hardly as cheap as the others; that 's all. Too good to sell, if you happen to hold them."

"For the speculator, I should suggest the Argentine Railway stocks," said The City Editor. "In them you have a fine chance of backing your theory that it 's right to buy when prices are flat: not when they are on the rise."

"That 's easier to preach than to practise. Your Argentine Railway stocks may want to be nursed for a long time before you see any decent rise in them."

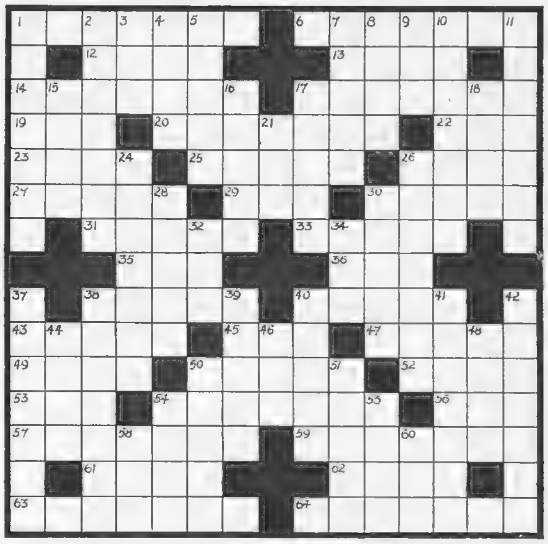
"Are you afraid of holding the baby?"

"For some indefinite length of time I certainly am. Not but what it 's very likely right to follow the stocks, and the theory."

"In which case, Central Argentines ought to make a good lock-up. You 'll admit that?"

[Continued on page xii.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Godiva's costume (7).
6. Mountaineer's goal, or that of Weary Willie? (7).
12. Saxon plough brings more than listening apparatus to light (4).
13. Get auction term from same place in Latin (4).
14. Untidify damply (7).
17. Descended from Esau (7).
19. Once four a penny (3).
20. Greek phantom inwardly an object of adoration (7).
22. Obstruct a tribunal? (3).
23. Jewish measure turns capital almost upside-down (4).
25. British—drink! (5).
26. Sounds as though might be smart in U.S.A. (4).
27. Goddess makes up a kind of procession (5).
29. Tooth and vessel (3).
30. Slab often sculptured (5).
31. Inform against tea-cake? (5).
33. Solution is this (5).
35. A solitary figure in this island (3).
36. Artificial language (3).
38. Russian Prince in grip of cold fit (5).
40. Beats (5).
43. A bishopric (5).
45. Sometimes a good card to play (3).
47. Cochineal cactus is unfriendly (5).
49. One could simply read this for ages! (4).
50. Main thing, as a rule, in Britain's command performance (5).
52. Abbreviation which Abraham may have used (4).
53. Two girls' names in one? (3).
54. He turned nose up (7).
56. Sort of conductor useless on a bus (3).
57. With the edge notched (7).
59. Shell-crater might be one (7).
61. Short prayer to Egypt's god mixes name of war-time lady we all hate (two words; 2 and 2).
62. Saint missing from town of man with wives and cats (4).
63. Lends an ear (7).
64. Can't bet on it in England (7).

DOWN.

1. Breakfast fish possessed common weed (7).
2. Duplicate death (7).
3. Turn round and step on it, to avoid droop (3).
4. Drive (4).
5. Priest "after" a meal before church denotes final end (5).
7. To build a radio set, great queen initially encompasses No. 36 Across (5).
8. Mixture of bone and dark wood (4).
9. Number within a margin (3).
10. Things to eat (7).
11. Often a trained masculine flyer (7).
15. Eastern ruler, much upset, turns white and frosty (4).
16. Decree (5).
17. Poem re mad dog or churchyard (5).
18. Thus a Chinaman may pay you back (4).
21. Nothing much concerning old-time archbishop (3).
24. Ship go home for this purpose (7).
26. Lady has cutting and final way with her (7).
28. Irish town and county (5).
30. Fuzzywuzzy's domicile (5).
32. A famous Japanese statesman (3).
34. Lucky strike without smoke (3).
37. Metal gives you pattern (7).
38. Were at Olympia and Bow Street (7).
39. Reduce ship to inferior rate (5).
40. Suggests a concrete fact (5).
41. "The stately ——— men to their flagship bore him then. . . . Old Sir Richard, caught at last" (7).
42. Do-nothing person from France (7).
44. Outcry (4).
46. Play with it or mind it in play (3).
48. Sinbad's "porter" was stony (two words; 1 and 3).
50. We can't help Germans calling Mr. Eden this (5).
51. Somewhat creepy, isn't it? (5).
54. French marquis known for cruelty (4).
55. Prima donna (4).
58. Boy's name for mosquito (3).
60. Entertainment in France or England cut short (by No. 64 Across?) (3).

This England . . .

The valley of the West Allen, Cumberland

THERE are those among the younger people (indeed there have always been) who like to scoff at tradition. Yet are they among the foremost to profit by its counsels and its guidance. For tradition is in some sort the memory of trials and errors in the past—and without his memory man is not much. Unconscious of this guidance are we most often, because it springs of simple things so interwoven with our daily round that they seem no older than last week's winding of the clocks. Your Worthington is one of these—so old in its manner of making, so new (and so acceptable) to each generation of young men it sustains.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

FORTUNATELY, no new rules of golf come into operation at the end of the year in this country. So far as I have been able to observe, very few golfers really understand the complicated code under which they play to-day, and striking testimony of this is provided by the recent disqualification of two professional golfers who would otherwise have won Alliance competitions. There is not the slightest doubt about the honesty or integrity of the players concerned; in fact, when another competitor pointed out that there might be some question about the correctness of their actions, the players themselves reported the incident to the officials. But since professional golfers are sometimes confused about the "lost" or "unplayable" ball ruling, I make no excuse for discussing it here. What happened in the cases under notice is that after a brief search for a missing ball the players went back to play another. But the first ball was found in the meantime, and each holed out with the original ball, and thus disqualified himself.

Unintentional Cheating.

Nobody wishes to play golf with a book of rules sticking out of his pocket, but everyone desires to play to the rules, although the majority fail in this at times. The misapprehension about a lost ball frequently arises because the player is permitted to play a provisional ball and also allowed five minutes in which to search for a "lost" ball. So many think that it is possible to go forward to look for the ball and having expended, say, two minutes, leave the caddies to continue the search while the player goes back to play another "to save time." This is not permissible. The player is supposed to search for five minutes, but once he *starts* to retrace his steps with the intention of playing another ball, whether he has actually played a second ball or not, he may not continue with the first ball without disqualification. The ball is abandoned by the player when he declares his intention of returning to play another.

Another common breach of the rules arises from the unplayable ball. On arriving at your ball you may discover it in a bush, unplayable. How many times does it happen that such a player, with the best intention in the world, will say: "I will lift under a penalty of a stroke and drop behind the bush." Such a player is breaking the rules of match play, unless there is a local rule. He must return to the place from whence the shot was played except in medal play, when a player can tee up anywhere under a penalty of two strokes. As for the "provisional" ball, it can only be played *at once* after playing a shot that might be lost or unplayable. Once the player has gone forward in search of the original ball, a "provisional" ball cannot be played. There is so much Alliance golf, in which handicap golfers take a great part, being played at the moment that it is obvious there is necessity to emphasise these rules.

Skill More Important than Clubs.

Talking of rules, it will be interesting to see how many of the golfers in the big party of invaders who are coming here from the United States next year to contest the Amateur Championship and the Walker Cup will adhere to the American rule which comes into force on Jan. 1 next, restricting the golfers' equipment to fourteen clubs. The date of the Walker Cup match has now been fixed—June 3 and 4, at St. Andrews, a week after the Amateur Championship at Troon. Doubtless there will be an influx of American visitors on this occasion. While they will not be permitted to employ more than fourteen clubs in their own country, they are not subject to any restriction of the kind in this country. John Goodman, the American Amateur Champion, who will probably captain the side, has been saying that he welcomes the fourteen-club ruling, because it will help him against less experienced players. This is tantamount to declaring that golfers can make up for lack of skill by a multiplicity of clubs. But in my experience it is the scratch and better golfers who employ numerous clubs, not the handicap player. However, we shall see whether the Americans play with only fourteen clubs over here instead of using gigantic bags containing half as many again, as they generally do for the conquest of British links.

This golf match between GINGER ROGERS *and* DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR, *looks very real, though Miss Rogers' trousers are perhaps a shade too beautifully cut to suggest that we might see them at Sunningdale, St. Andrews or Walton Heath any old Sunday—but actually the famous screen actors are on location at Lake Arrowhead, being shot in a golf sequence for RKO Radio Pictures' new film "Having a Wonderful Time."*

Universities' Fine Golfers.

The demand of those who cry for rearmament cannot be completely ignored, even in golf, and in view of the probable strength of the American attack, golfers would be interested in the activities of the new sub-committee appointed to prepare the home defence. They might do worse than look at the players in the Oxford and Cambridge University sides which regularly engage in week-end matches in preparation for the inter-Varsity match next spring. There are several fine golfers—in the making, at any rate—in both teams. On the last occasion of the International match, two undergraduates were included in the British team. An enthusiastic golfer whose son is at Stowe School, which has produced many brilliant young players, declared to me in all seriousness that he thinks it would be wise to choose the best of the University players as the nucleus of the British team. There certainly is something to be said in favour of selecting young players who may at least profit by experience. So far, the names of the members of the special sub-committee appointed to select the Walker Cup side have not been announced, but it can be assumed that they have been appointed and are working at their unenviable task.

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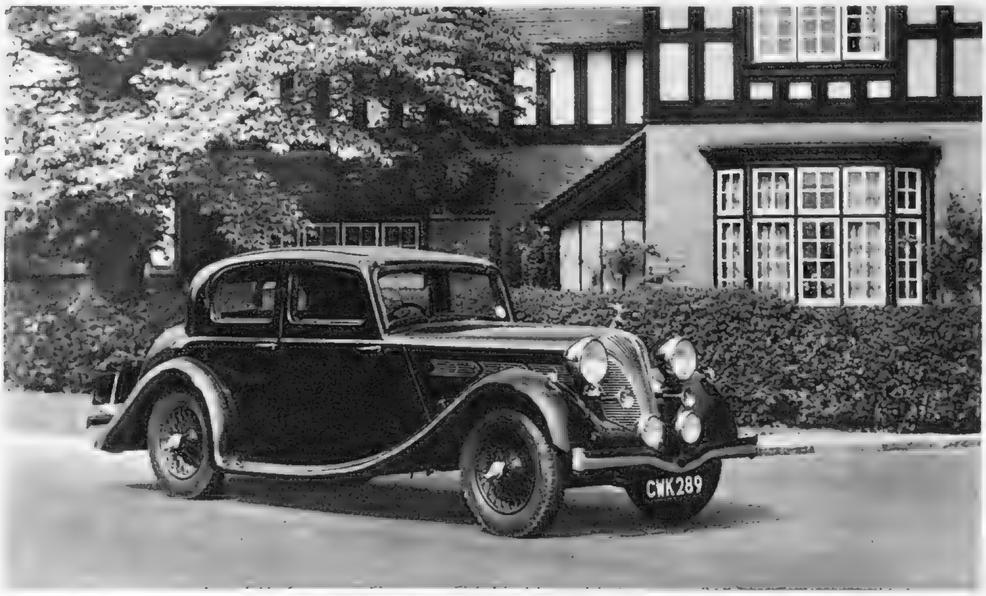
MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THOSE who were motorists ten years ago will remember their reactions at the first sight of a real balloon tyre. Elephantine, clumsy, horrible were only a few of the adjectives used to describe them. Yet now we have become so used to the extra low-pressure tyre that a car without them appears to be equipped with bicycle wheels. La Fontaine had effectively noticed the same sort of thing, though the first motor-car had not even been thought of in his day. He wrote:



The 14/60 TRIUMPH "DOLOMITE" SALOON, *priced at £348, is discussed in the article on this page.*

L'accoutumance ainsi nous rend tout familier
Ce qui nous paroissoit terrible et singulier
S'apprivoise avec notre vue
Quand ce vient à la continue.

In just the same way, the frontal treatment of the Triumph "Dolomite," which to many people appeared "terrible and singular," is now admired as a graceful breakaway from convention. The result is that the Triumph people are finding there is a bigger and bigger demand for the "Dolomite" series of cars.

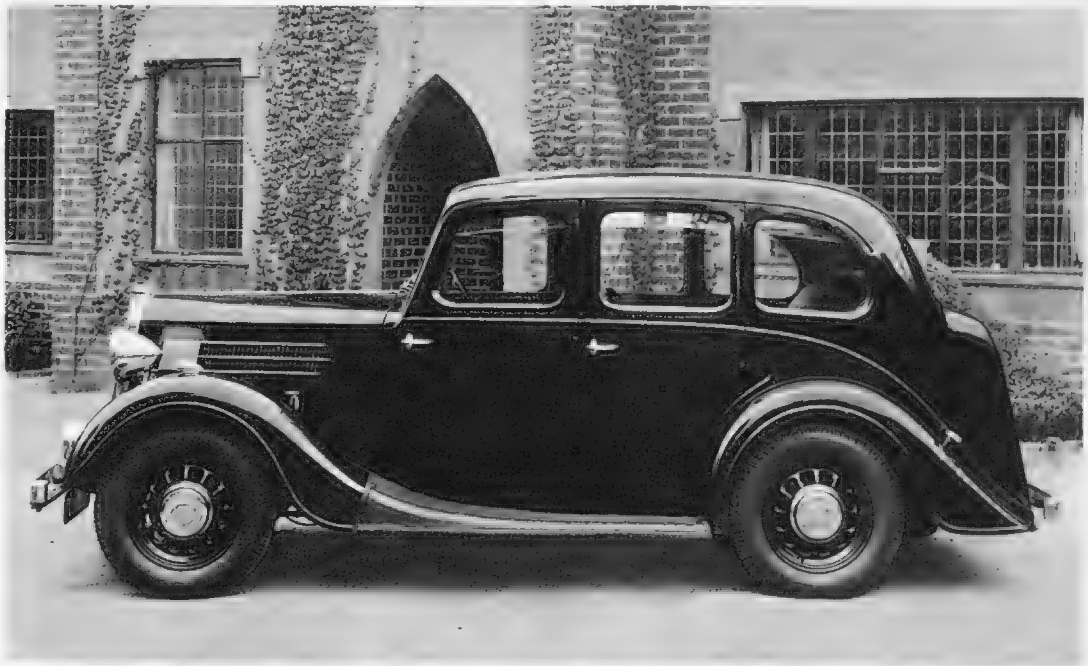
The other day I tried the Triumph "Dolomite" 14/60 saloon, and liked it from the start. It is essentially a man's car from the point of view of stamina and sturdiness, though with its light controls and easy handling it is just as suitable for women drivers. It is a car that appears to stand unlimited flogging up hill and down dale. It corners with the steadiness of a thoroughbred sports car, and has that rather taut feeling about the suspension that inspires confidence on any sort of road surface. The gear-change is easy and the car stands any amount of low-gear work, if you feel all exuberant and want to dash up every hill you see as fast as you possibly can.

The seats are well within the wheelbase, affording the maximum degree of comfort. The luggage-locker is fairly capacious, but the fact that it has a sloping floor somewhat restricts its usefulness and makes packing difficult. The steering-column is adjustable, so that, in conjunction with the sliding seat, it affords the best possible driving position.

The 14/60-h.p. engine is a four-cylinder of about 1¾-litres capacity. It has all the "punch" one expects from a big four-cylinder model, but, lest I be misunderstood, let me hasten to add that by "punch" I mean power, or, if you prefer the expression, "guts." There is no punch in the running of the engine, which is as smooth as you can wish, and quite up to the standard you would expect from many six-cylinder engines. Both the engine and transmission are quiet, so that one enjoys driving fast, and a good average is thus always possible, without effort. One can keep the speedometer needle steady on the "70" mark for mile after mile, and the engine temperature and oil-pressure remain constant all the time. The "Dolomite" is, in fact, a car that seems to go better the harder one drives it. Third gear is decidedly useful, giving a maximum of about 60 m.p.h., and taking hills of 1 in 7 in its stride. A maximum speed of round about 80 m.p.h. is claimed by the makers, but the conditions during my test did not favour reaching quite so high a maximum.

In regard to acceleration, the traditional 10-30 m.p.h. on top is accomplished in 11·3 seconds, and a speed of a mile-a-minute can be obtained from rest in 25·4 seconds. To match this good acceleration, good brakes are necessary. The double-safety Lockheed brakes on the Triumph "Dolomite" give skid-free stopping in the shortest possible distance, and are light in their application. All the time that one is at the wheel one realises that the Triumph has been designed not only by very clever engineers, but by a "real motorist." By this I mean the type of man who enjoys driving for its own sake, who drives hard and fast through Alpine passes and over the rough roads of the Balkans. Mr. Maurice Newnham, the managing director of the Triumph Company, has himself taken part, at the wheel of one of his own products, in the gruelling International Alpine Trial, and the record of Mr. Donald Healey, technical director of the Triumph Company, is too well known to require repetition. His successes in the Monte Carlo Rally and the Alpine Trial have done much to raise the prestige of the British automobile industry.

The Triumph "Dolomite" in its 14/60 saloon form costs £348, and this cannot be regarded as a high price when the performance of the car is taken into account. The equipment, too, is remarkably complete, while the coachwork is of the highest quality. The windscreen opens out, if a central winding-handle is turned, and the blades of the twin electric wipers fold down below the windscreen frame when not in use, an arrangement which simplifies cleaning the screen. The sliding roof operates very easily, and can be opened or closed with one hand while driving. Altogether, the Triumph "Dolomite" is a car that is likely to give continued good service, and one which can be strongly recommended.



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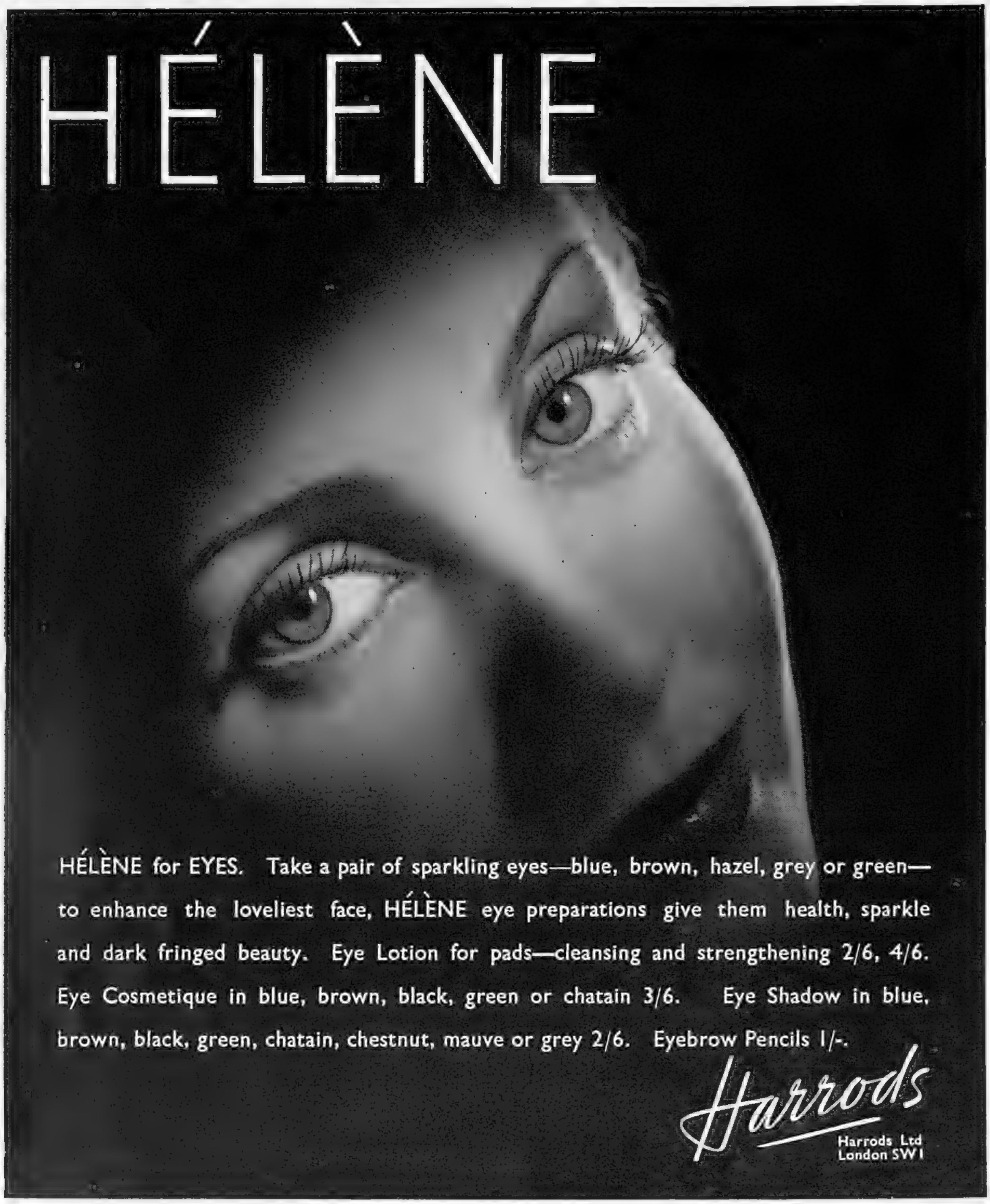

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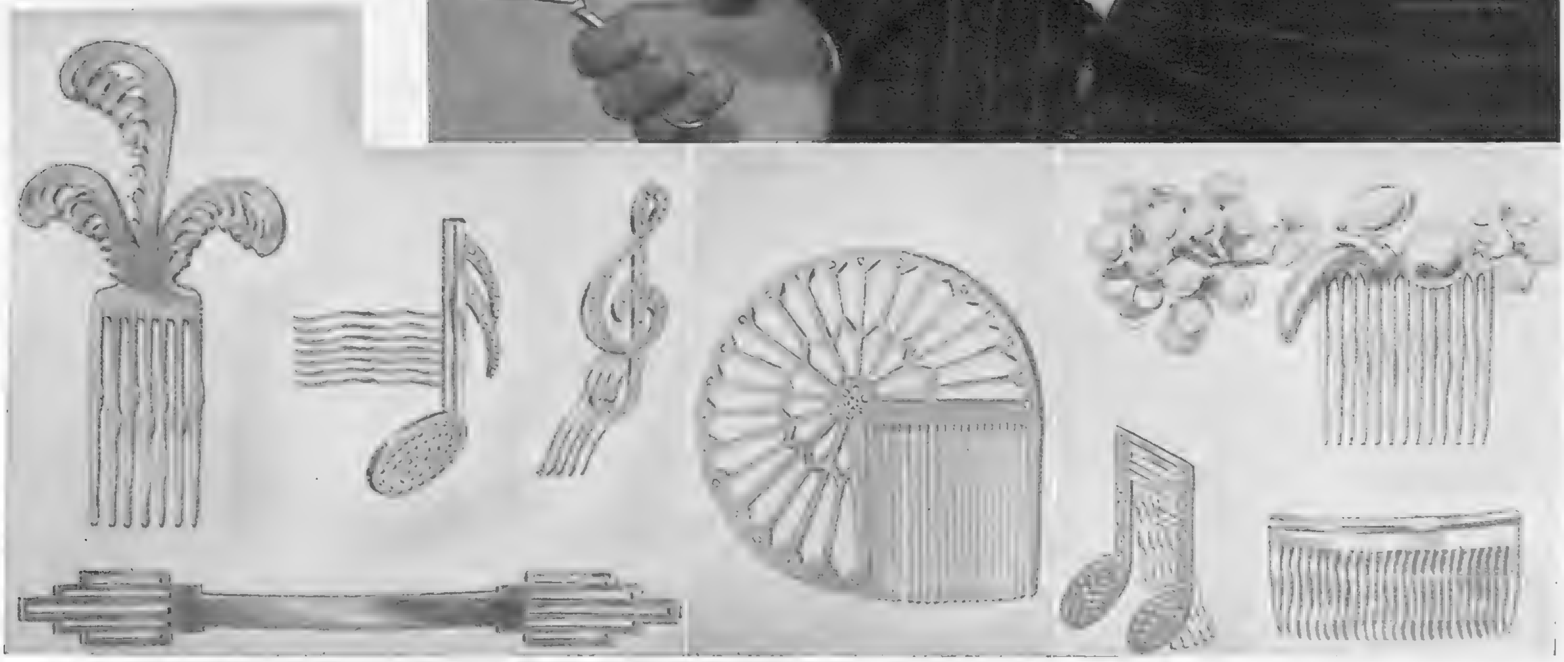

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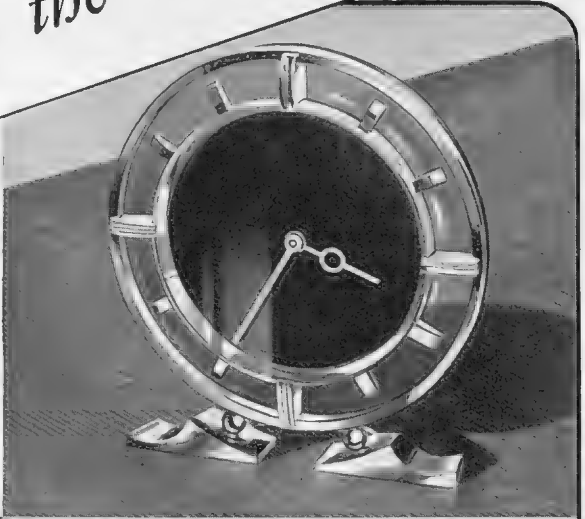

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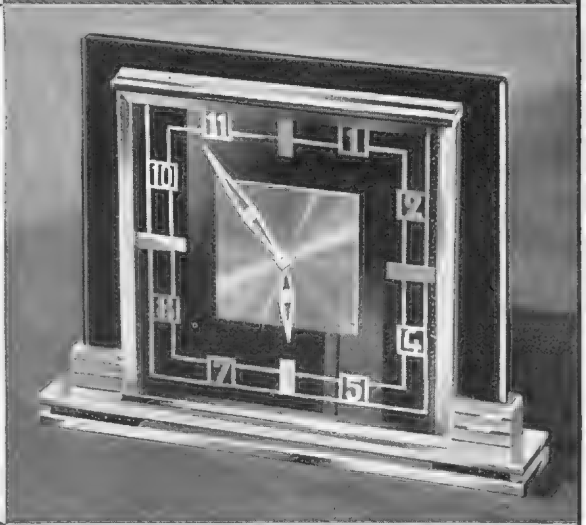

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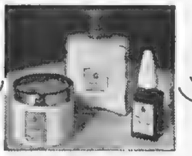

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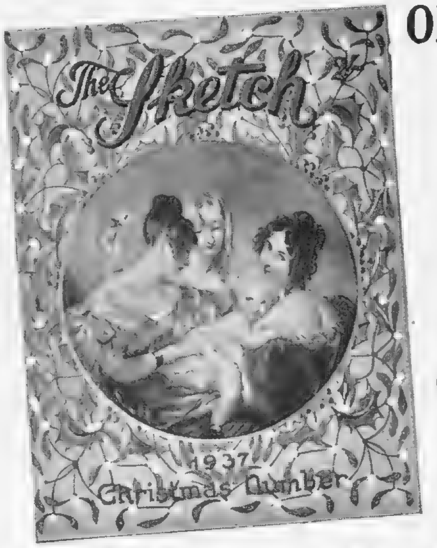

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The following are included:—

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Those who like their history salted with wit in a modern manner will appreciate A. H. Harris's two pages in colour.

One of the finest items in this number are the pages in colour of drawings from the peerless, lively brush of Thomas Rowlandson.

Matching our plates are reproductions in colour of the portraits of Jessie Matthews *by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.*, and Jane Baxter, *by W. G. de Glehn, R.A.*, from the Royal Academy 1937. With coloured borders.

Frank Reynolds contributes amusing drawings showing the effect of "parlour-music" upon its listeners in four periods of history. There are two charming pages of Dogs by Mac and Lucy Dawson. Those who have forgotten J. E. Broome's witty personal attitude towards the golf ball and its flight from the club-head will be able to renew their acquaintance in three excellent pages in colour. A. K. Macdonald has drawn two pages in colour of the exquisitely delicate girls' figures we know so well. Besides this, there are MANY PAGES IN COLOUR, by some of our best-known artists.

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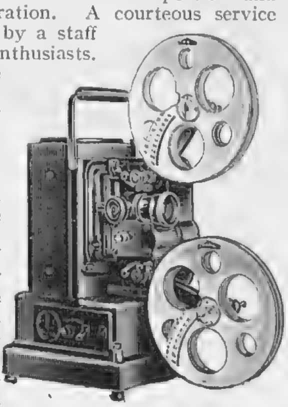

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THREE-QUARTER UNDERNEATH.

(*Continued from page* 304).

He was walking on the edge of a wide arterial road, filled with gloomy thoughts, and far from alert; had forgotten the £3000 in the bag, had forgotten the bag itself, did not notice it even when it hit against his thigh. He was the ideal prey for motor-car bandits, and, as ill-luck would have it, he had been the subject of interest to a certain daring gang for several weeks past. The gang was about to strike, its individual members having chosen the best possible day. That is, the best possible day for what they had in mind. Their car drew up with a screech of brakes; they sprang out into the road.

Warned by some long-buried instinct, Smith began to run, and as he ran he fumbled at the chain on his wrist, determined to free the bag, imbued by the vague hope of hurling it into some passing car. But there was no passing car, though, just as the gang caught up with him, he obtained a vague glimpse of a figure on the other side of the road. He was tackled from behind, but as he fell he slung the bag to his left in a long and skilful pass. Then he lost consciousness.

When he came round again it was to find that a stranger was bathing his face with water from a puddle, while a second stranger held a flask containing brandy to his lips. He saw that they were policemen, then he fainted again.

His second waking saw him in the Milton Cottage Hospital, in a private ward, with a bandage round his head, which insisted on aching as though it would split, a condition which grew even worse when Mr. Jervaise arrived. The bank-manager was frowning heavily. Remembering the £3000 Smith groaned aloud.

"Smith," said Mr. Jervaise, when the nurse had gone, "this is a bonny mess."

"Yes, Sir." Smith stared feverishly at the other. "Tell me, Sir, is there any news?"

"Two traffic-police found you unconscious in the road and brought you here," returned Mr. Jervaise. "They will want to question you shortly. In the meanwhile, however, I want *you* to tell me what happened this afternoon."

"Yes, Sir." Smith made his confession, winding it up by murmuring dejectedly, "I'm dreadfully worried, Sir."

"I can well believe that, Smith. Hum! So you threw the bag away when the gang caught up with you. Unchained it from your wrist! Presented some unknown person with £3000! An unfortunate business. An unfortunate business, Smith!"

"Yes, Sir." Smith revealed a feeble flash of courage. "But the gang would have got it anyway."

"True," said Mr. Jervaise; then he was silent for a while. Smith watched him anxiously, wondering what was in his mind. He was not like Evan Williams, the late manager, but was a stern, unyielding chap. Mr. Jervaise stroked his chin.

"If it's any comfort to you, Smith," he said, "I have decided not to write to the chief inspector about your Saturday afternoon escapade after all. Rugger is a useful game. I must come and see you play some time soon."

"But, Sir," the bewildered Smith struggled upright in bed. "But, Sir, the £3000! What about that?"

Mr. Jervaise grinned. "I'm just coming to that," he said. "I intercepted that beautiful pass you slung out, took it neatly, though I haven't played wing three-quarter for nearly twenty years. Your—er—gangster friends left you alone and followed me after that. I tried a short cut across the fields. I 'phoned the police when I arrived at the bank. Two of them went out for you. The others went after the bandits. They've probably caught them by now."

"And the money's safe, Sir?" gasped the white-faced Smith.

"As houses. It's in the strong-room now."

"That's fine, Sir. But how did you escape?"

Mr. Jervaise patted the invalid on the arm.

"Ran, Smith," he countered briskly. "Ran like——hum! Well, I ran very fast!"

THE END.

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CITY NOTES.

(*Continued from page* 336.)

"Passed unanimously. And if you carry your theory into the mining markets, tin shares should be worth having, on the drop in the price of the metal."

"Who would have imagined six months ago that tin could fall about a hundred pounds a ton in less than a year? Amazing, isn't it!"

"Copper has come down in much the same proportion. Roosevelt, of course. Considered as a Dictator of Stock Exchange prices, he has done more damage than either of his two European school-fellows."

"Mussolini hasn't been much of a bull point," remarked The Merchant. "Your Stock Exchange markets could have done quite well without him and Hitler."

"Foreign politics have been the curse of the House for months past. But they 've done the Kaffir Market a bit of good; I will say that for them."

"You never hear a word about the gold scare nowadays, do you?"

"Never. Everyone says that the price of gold can only go better."

"Last summer they were all scared stiff of its dropping a pound or two before Christmas. Funny how we get these scares, isn't it? And for no particular reason, so far as I can see."

"Who 's been buying the Kaffir gold shares?" enquired The City Editor. "It can't be entirely shop support, can it?"

The Jobber declared that the buying came from all over the place. "Paris. The Cape. Insurance companies."

"America?"

"Possibly, but I 've not seen it myself, and it sounds to me like newspaper talk."

"Which is a repetition of what newspaper men hear in City circles," retorted The City Editor.

"I fear," said The Jobber, "that there are certain lewd fellows of the baser sort who take a wicked delight in pulling newspapers' legs."

"You can tell people that Kaffir shares are being picked up by the public, in small or moderate lots, and then you will be right," The Broker stated. "If I were at liberty to show you my ticket-book—which I 'm not—I could give you one small measure of proof."

"The whole point," said The Engineer, "is that we have come to agree upon gold being the one unshakable standard in an unstable world."

"But you can't get away from the fact of a mine having no more than a fixed number of years to live. Every ounce of gold you take out of the ground means an ounce less left in it. Wasting asset: every time."

"No mine has a 'fixed' number of years to live. You can estimate it fairly closely on the Rand, but, after all, there 's a good deal of guesswork attached to the calculations. Then look at the Ashanti——"

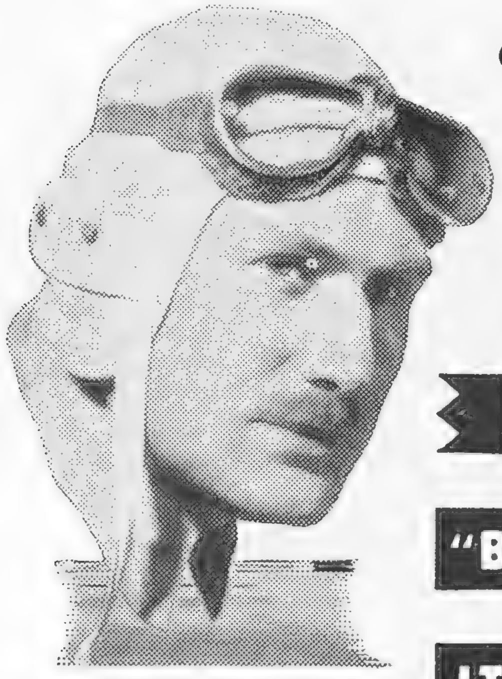
"Wish I 'd looked at it five years ago!" exclaimed The Jobber. "Why, these latest developments mean that the Company has what may turn out to be almost a new mine."

"If you will take the trouble to look up *The Sketch* five or six years ago," said The Engineer, "you will find that Ashanti Goldfields were then indicated to a presumably intelligent body of men in a First-Class Railway Carriage as the coming star turn amongst the gold-mines of the world. And if only——"

The train rattled noisily into a tunnel, and all the lights went out.

Friday, Nov. 12, 1937.

The great room of Grosvenor House will be the setting for the Rainbow Ball in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital for Women on Nov. 30. Mrs. Jepson-Turner is the chairman of the committee, and is to-day (Nov. 17) giving a small at-home to discuss plans for the ball and to let guests hear Sir William Willcox speak on the work of the hospital. The ball should be a very successful one, as Anton Dolin will give exhibition dances, there will be many side-shows, lucky number programmes, and valuable prizes. Tickets, including a champagne supper, are priced at £2 2s., and can be obtained from Captain Lancaster, Hon. Sec. Ball Committee, Room 704, Cecil Chambers, 86, Strand, or from any member of the Ball Committee. This includes Lady Allardyce, Lady Rennell of Rodd, Lady Runciman, the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Farrer, the Hon. Mrs. George Holmden and many other well-known people.



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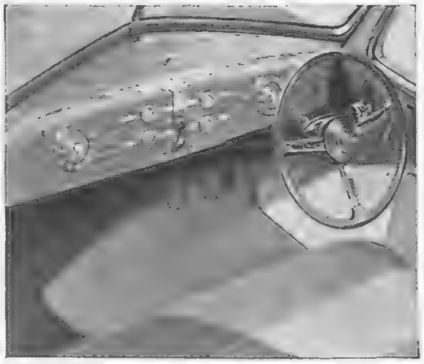

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SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, NOVEMBER 10.

ACROSS.—1. Falls. 6. Manes. 9. Culture. 10. Cover. 11. Ankle. 12. Tress. 13. Relapse. 16. Ladle. 19. Meat. 20. Caper Sauce. 22. Phenomenal. 24. Raft. 25. Image. 27. Antwerp. 31. Right. 33 Comma. 34. Alone. 35. Tenfold. 36. Rudge. 37. Event.

DOWN.—1. Facer. 2. Level. 3. Scrap. 4. Platelayer. 5. Cure. 6. Measles. 7. Naked. 8. Suède. 14. Evesham. 15. Acton. 17. Lucifer. 18. Separation. 21. Arrow. 23. Overate. 25. Incur. 26. Armed. 28. Trade. 29. Evoke. 30. Pleat. 32. Gong.

Have you noticed, this last year or so, the charming advertising appearing as "This England," each announcement consisting of an artistic photograph of some part of rural England, with a few lines of suitable sensitively written prose? Then you will be interested to know that a book entitled "This England" is being issued by Messrs. Worthington and Co., and that its success is proved by the number of letters that reach that firm daily, not only from all parts of the British Isles but from all over the world, each full of congratulation in respect of the reproductions of the beauty spots that characterise "This England."

The Young Conservatives Union Ball will this year be held at Grosvenor House on Dec. 16, as it has grown so satisfactorily that it expects easily to fill the vast and famous ball-room there. It 's under the patronage of the Prime Minister, of Miss Fardell (who founded the Union in 1924 in order to provide opportunity for young Conservative men and women to render social and political services in London's poorer constituencies), Sir Thomas Inskip, and Mr. Douglas Hacking, and has a long list of vice-presidents. There is to be a cabaret and side-shows, and the tickets (to include supper and running buffet) are 25s. each.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge at their scintillating best.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Unlimited laughter.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"GHOSTS" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—Ibsen re-translated, with a moving and splendid performance by Marie Ney.

"IT 'S IN THE BAG!" (Saville). 8.30.—A very bright revue.

"RHAPSODY ON ICE" (Covent Garden). 8.30.—Ballet on skates, with Maria Belita.

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A big musical spectacle.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, in a quadrangular drama.

"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—Brilliant ice spectacle, with gold medallist performers.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Priestley psychology; Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in solution of sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—Adventures of Marion Lorne.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" (Odeon, Leicester Square).—Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in a finely-staged version of the famous novel.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" (Carlton).—Paul Muni in a real-life drama vividly reconstructed.

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN" (Curzon).—Sacha Guitry's tri-lingual historical romance.

"G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD" (Studio One).—A gay and charming musical romance from Vienna.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (Studio One).—Life on a lonely Scottish island.

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—A witty experiment in story-telling by Sacha Guitry.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ANGEL" (Plaza).—Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas in a Lubitsch variant of the triangle theme.

"DR. SYN" (New Gallery).—A rousing tale of smugglers led by George Arliss.

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT" (Tivoli).—Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in a comedy-romance set in Switzerland.

"OH, MR. PORTER" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—The hilarious adventures of a stationmaster, starring Will Hay.

"NITCHEVO" (Berkeley).—Harry Baur in a submarine drama.

"THE SQUEAKER" (London Pavilion).—Edmund Lowe and Anne Todd in an Edgar Wallace detective drama.

"IT 'S ALL YOURS" (Regal).—Madeleine Carroll, Francis Lederer and Mischa Auer in a light comedy.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

FIRST CLASS TIP

"Might I enquire, Sir, whether you have recently visited Spitzbergen or Baffin Island?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Then no doubt you are interested in some commercial form of refrigeration — chilled beef, for instance?"

"Nothing to do with it."

"In that case, Sir, you will have no objection to closing that window. It is exceedingly cold, and the draught is ferocious."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm terribly sorry. Fact is, I've a most appalling headache, and the cool air does it good. I attended a most enjoyable party last night, and I'm feeling much the worse for it."

"My dear fellow, why didn't you say so at first? Trouble is, it's so long since I've had a hangover myself, I've almost forgotten the symptoms. Was there no Rose's Lime Juice in your corner of the Shires?"

"Afraid I don't follow you."

"Rose's Lime Juice, I said. Cancels hangovers in advance. You either mix it with gin, or swallow a stiff glass solo before bed. Why, man, it's smoothed the paths of thousands."

"You're telling me that Rose's fills this long-felt want?"

"I've never known it fail."

"Then, Sir, I am deeply indebted to you. Here is my card. I trust that we shall see more of each other. Much more. Are you by any chance free to dine tonight? Wonderful how these chance encounters change the course of one's whole life."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink — 2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink — add soda.

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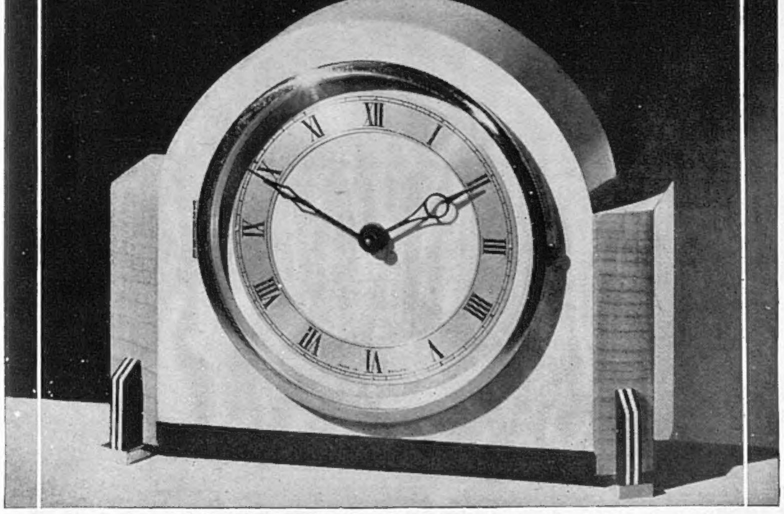

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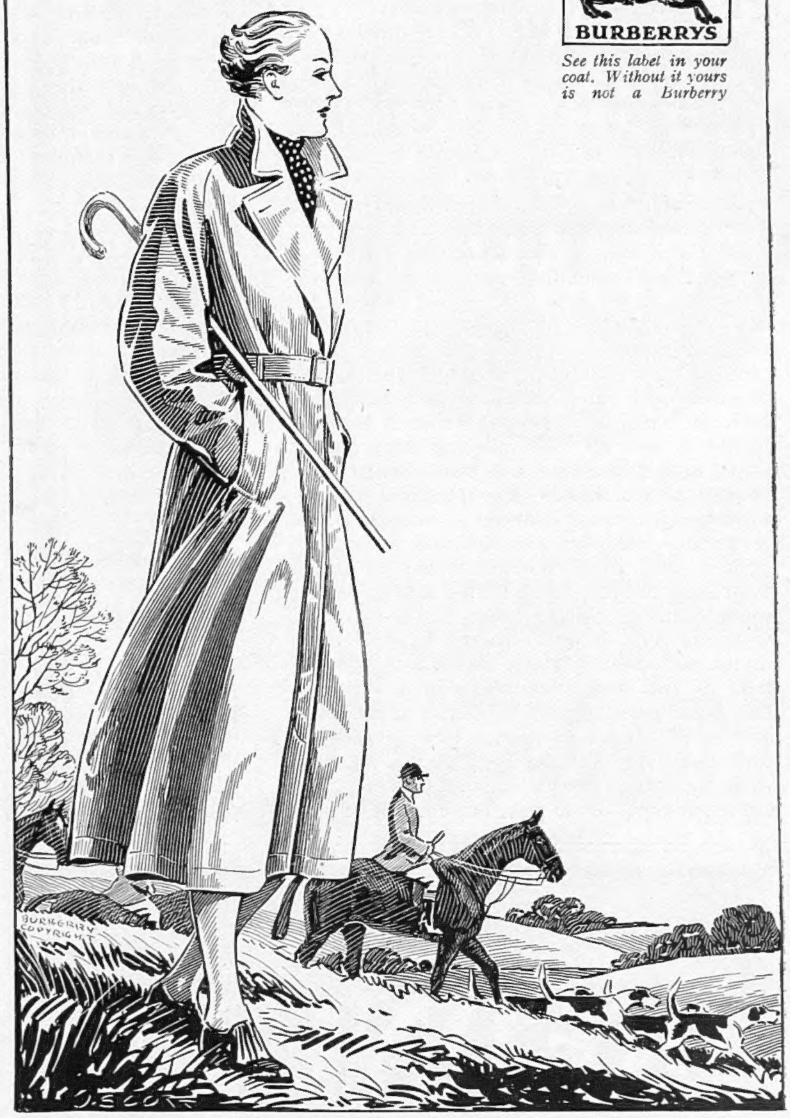

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXV.

A LESSON FROM THE AUSTRIA *V.* ENGLAND MATCH.

AUSTRIA won the bridge match if not easily at least comfortably. The English side, however, has nothing to be ashamed of. So far as it is possible to judge, they played the cards as well as the Austrians did, and had they had more practice in team-work, they would, I am sure, have put up a still better fight.

If there is one thing to be learnt from this match it is that straightforward, simple and honest bidding will beat any other or any fanciful bidding. The Austrians have two conventional openings—one club and one no-trump; each is a forcing bid, but, as we shall see, partner need not of necessity accept the force. In the earlier stages of the bidding, the bids are kept at the lowest possible level; then, as the bidding develops, and the *combined* strength between the two hands is set up, the playing suit agreed upon, and so on, then cue bids, asking bids, or any artificial bids may be tried out for slam possibilities. Indeed, at one point the Austrians cut out conventional bids altogether, but that did not seem to affect their slam efforts. Here we see real commonsense bidding, simple " one-over-one " calls, which is very different to the English commonsense system, which advocates opening bids of two and even three in a suit. It has been pointed out in these notes time and again that, no matter how good your own hand may be, it is absurd to butt in with a higher than one opening bid, and expect a reply from partner, for the simple reason that your partner may have nothing at all; if he has anything worth speaking about he will let you know what after a bid of one, and then you can spread yourself for game or slam as you may think fit.

Unless you hold game in your hand—or within a trick of it—don't open with a bid of higher than one; if you do see game in your hand, then bid game (obviously if you bid less there is not only the danger but also the *probability* of the bid being left in). A game bid won't stop partner from trying out slams, if he holds the necessary requirements, for remember there is no such thing as a " stop " bid nowadays. Another thing that stands out big is that it does not pay to be too " clever," which, of course, is much the same as saying that it does pay to be " honest " or to mean what you say, especially when opposed by experts, who are less likely to be deceived by a " clever " bid than your partner is. England made two of these bids. On hand No. 251 North dealt, and these were the English East and West hands—

	N.	
SPADES—9. HEARTS—10, 8, 7, 2. CLUBS—Q, Kn, 8, 7. DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 5, 2.	W. E.	SPADES—A, K, Kn, x, x. HEARTS—K, 5. CLUBS—10. DIAMONDS—9, 7, 6, 4, 3.
	S.	

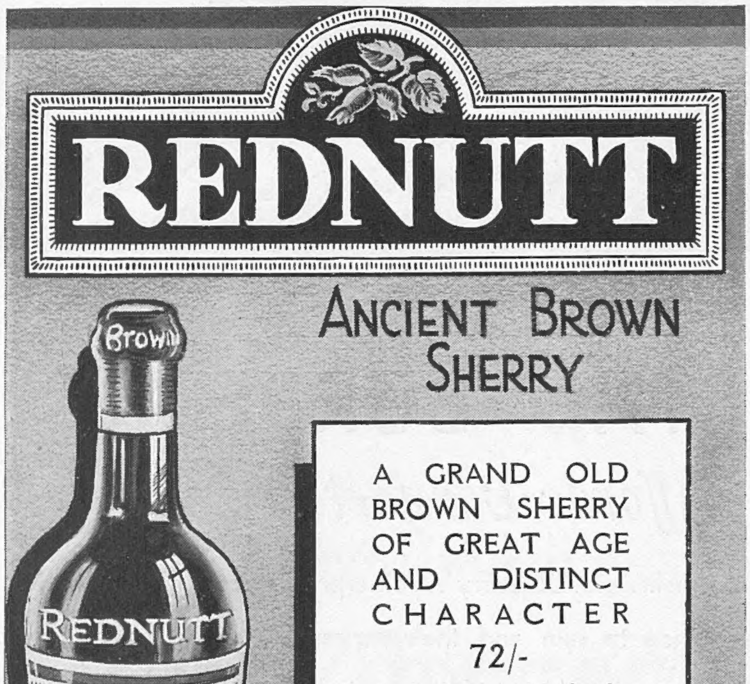
and the bidding was—

North.	East.	South.	West.
1 no-trump.	2 diamonds !	2 hearts.	2 spades !
2 no-trumps.	3 spades.	Double.	4 clubs !
Double.	No bid.	No bid.	4 diamonds.
Double.			

This " clever " bidding cost England 910 points. It might have come off against what the Americans call " suckers," but the Austrians are not " suckers," and England ought to have known it. It is interesting to note that had North been allowed to play the hand at three no-trumps, he would have been one down, so altogether England lost 950 points on the turnover.

On another hand the Austrian North opened with one club. The English East, who held a big hand, passed, and the next two players passed as well, so England, trying to be " clever " by trapping Austria into a big penalty, were trapped themselves, for they held a game hand between them. The pass by South raised a pretty point. Austria had announced that a club opening was forcing, but North's partner refused to accept the force. Is he entitled to do so? Undoubtedly; these players were playing common-sense bridge, and when common sense indicates that a forcing bid had better be left alone, it is left alone. In my opinion it is fantastic to suggest that a player *must* accede to his partner's every request. The game is played in a hidebound manner enough as it is, but luckily not yet is it so mechanical that under certain conditions a player is debarred from using any imagination or card-sense.

Conventions or no conventions, there can be no " musts " about the bidding or the play of the cards. I once read somewhere that a player holding king, queen *must* by law lead the king, because that is the conventional lead. To which I say " Rubbish ! " If you prefer to lead the queen, lead it, whereby probably you will be a loser, just as if you pass your partner's forcing bid probably you will be a loser, too; but that is another story.



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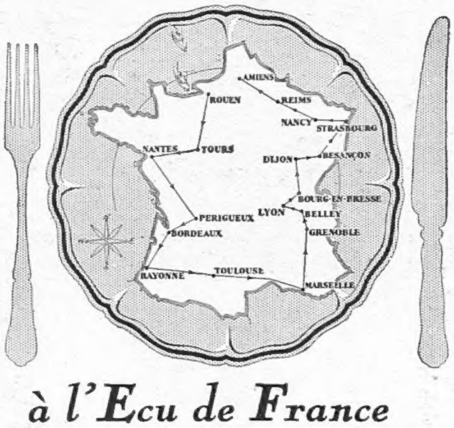

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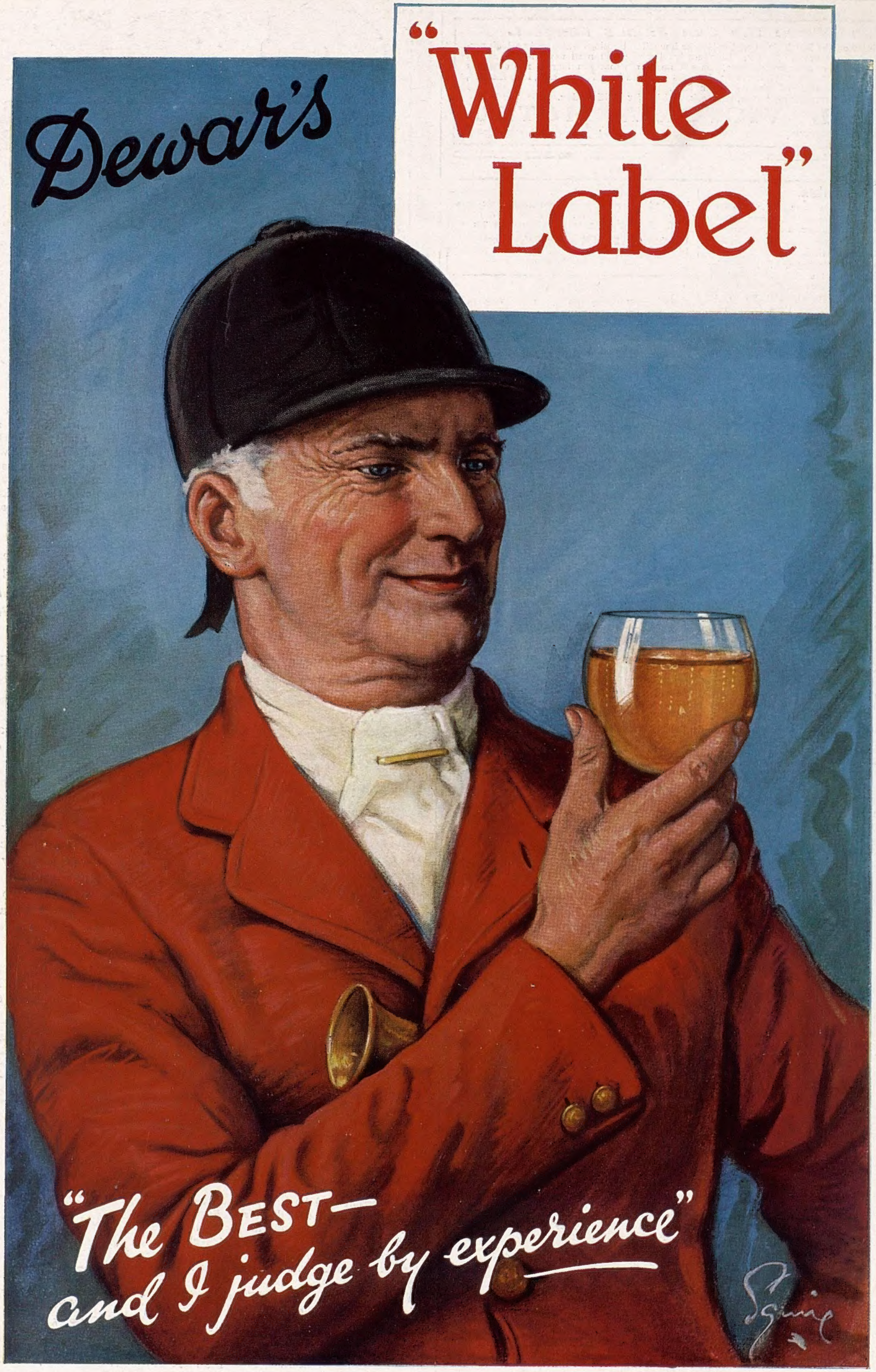
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